NEW MASSES

JANUARY 19, 1943 15c in Canada 20c

ARE ALL GERMANS NAZIS?

BY SAMUEL SILLEN

THE JEW: 1943

HIS CHANGING STATUS

BY WILLIAM ZUKERMAN

HAVE WE HELPED?

BY RICHARD O. BOYER

HIGH TIME FOR THE SECOND FRONT

BY THE EDITORS

COMMON SENSE IN RATIONING

BY COUNCILMAN PETER V. CACCHIONE

Also in this issue: *The Brittle Balkans, by Theodore Balk; These Are Our Soldiers, by Alvah Bessie; Sixty Years of David Burliuk, by Louis Lozowick; Hoover's Latest Hi-Jinks, by Bruce Minton.*

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ANNUAL REPORT TO THE STOCKHOLDERS

SINCE you, dear readers, are the real owners of this magazine, we feel, each year at this time that an annual report is due you. The following are some of the outstanding facts of the magazine's career for 1942.

I. During the past year NEW MASSES' thirty-second year of publication, the magazine, despite hell, high-water, and creditors, came out on time during each of the fifty-two weeks. Commercial publications can take this for granted; ours never can.

II. The editorial board, as you have seen from the masthead, was greatly expanded through the addition of a distinguished board of contributing editors, leaders in their various fields.

III. The contents of NEW MASSES were, we judge from our readers' reaction, attuned to the needs of a critical war year. We know that there was much, much more to be done, and we are far from satisfied with progress recorded. But we know that the magazine shed light on many crucial issues which the majority of the nation's press obscured or, as in the case of some of the publications, deliberately confounded. We list below some of the contents which made 1942 an outstanding year for NM:

A. Six special issues were published, each of which evoked widespread response. They dealt with: One Year of the United States at War; Our Soviet Ally; The Negro People and Victory; Our American Independence—the July Fourth issue; Twenty-five Years of the USSR; and The Case for the Western Front.

B. NM campaigned on a number of vital, special subjects which included: Health in Wartime; Our American Armed Forces; Problems of Small Businessmen; For a Second Front in Western Europe; For Full Rights and Full War Utilization of the Negro People; Planning Our Economy for a Total War Effort; Debunking the "Victory Through Air Power" Theory; Bruce Minton's special series on Congress and his expose of the negotiated peace clique of the National Association of Manufacturers; John L. Spivak's expose of Coughlin, Gerald L. K. Smith, and the KKK.

C. NEW MASSES ran articles, statements, and comment by a greater cross-section of Americans and world-renowned figures than ever before, including the following: Pearl Buck, Wendell Willkie, Sen. James A. Mead, former Lt. Gov. Charles Poletti, of New York, George F. Addes, secretary-treasurer, UAW (CIO), Paul Robeson, Earl Browder, Louis Bromfield, Carey McWilliams, Upton Sinclair, Erskine Caldwell, Langston Hughes, the Dean of Canterbury, Egon Erwin Kisch, Mikhail Sholokhov, Heinrich Mann, Anna Seghers, Dmitri Shostakovich, Lion Feuchtwanger, Alvarez Del Vayo, Pierre Co[illegible]tang, Eugene Petrov, R. Palme Dutt. Alexei Tolst[illegible]

D. Our staff of regular [illegible]ondents, Claude Cockburn from London, Bruce [illegible]from Washington, Colonel T. on war analysis, a[illegible]el Sillen on literary and cultural questions, were important factors in making this past year one of NM's best.

E. NM's editorial review of the week's events were, if the expressed opinions of our readers is a true barometer, better done and better appreciated than ever before. The standard of clarity and analysis that has made NM dear to its readers could be seen in such editorial reviews to better advantage perhaps than in any other feature or section of the magazine. NM's Spotlight was initiated this year, and has received enthusiastic response.

F. In covering certain phases of the cultural front the following statistics are perhaps revealing: twenty-three short stories were run, many by new writers, two hundred and fifty-one new books were reviewed, eighty-one movies and forty-eight plays were accounted for by our drama and movie critics, ten articles covering the art world appeared, and twenty-two features on music were presented this past year.

IV. During the past year NEW MASSES successfully completed its business year by living up to its budget, and raising through one public fund drive, and subsequently through the private efforts of the staff, the necessary sum of money to enable the magazine to publish.

V. For the current year, 1943, our thirty-third publishing year, we have planned our budget more fully and carefully than ever before. While some unavoidable costs in your magazine's budget are up, the actual expenses will not be increased because of certain economies and increased work loads undertaken by your staff.

VI. We can, in the light of the above, report that your publication's financial needs for 1943 will be no larger than last year. We therefore appeal to you again for the sum of $40,000—to be given and pledged now, at once, in only one fund drive, just as last year.

VII. About eleven per cent of our supporters are now in the armed forces of our country. This places a vastly larger responsibility on each person who remains active on the home front—it means that each of you must give at least eleven percent more this year than last, to help NEW MASSES.

VIII. In keeping with the needs of the war—total mobilization, planning, and production—NM is trying to do its part. We expect YOU to help NM plan its work by not only giving all you can now, but by simultaneously pledging, in addition, all you can to be given later.

These, briefly, are the highlights. They represent a world of work. May we thank the many writers and artists who did their bit, regularly, conscientiously, receiving their only pay in the realization that they were helping advance the truth. May we thank NM's many "angels" who have made the publication possible. We are sure, too, that you, our readers, and stockholders of the magazine, will more than match your contributions of last year. With that confidence, we look forward to the most fruitful year in NM's history.

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DEAR READER:

LISTEN, hard as you can, and you will not hear it; that shot in Tunisia, the thunder on the Don, that salvo in the Pacific. Strain your ears, but you will not catch the shout of your brother plunging across No Man's Land, nor his gasp should the bullet strike, nor his whisper should he die. Though we cannot hear, our hearts and our minds tell us what our soldiers think: "Make this the year of decision. Let this be the year of victory."

This is the year. "Yes," we say readily, "we'll make 1943 count, soldier. Bank on us." That pledge is the greatest commitment of our lives. It makes soldiers of us, too. And in a real sense we are: it's that kind of war. The assembly belt is on the frontline; this desk is within firing range; that farm is within gunshot. For the enemy is not only in Africa, in Europe, in the Pacific. He is here at home. He walks with the malingerer, stands with the grumbler. He lurks in the high places and in the low.

He is out to make 1943 count. Do you hear the words "negotiated peace"? Enemy language. Do you hear dark words against our allies, against the offensive, against labor, against the New Deal, against the Negro, against the Jew, against unity, against our Commander-in-Chief? Enemy words. You know the defeatists, the enemy's friends, see 1943 as their year of offensive. And unfortunately the enemy's friends are powerful. They speak in newspapers with circulations of millions. They have agents in Congress. They are cocky this year for reasons we know; they swagger with confidence.

This is the year NEW MASSES must count as it never did before. We need not, this late in the day, explain why NM calls upon you. You know. This magazine does not belong to any profit-making group; it belongs to its readers. Because of its fighting policies, it cannot bank on income from advertising, that factor which is overwhelmingly dominant in commercial publications. The latter need not "appeal to their readers"; they are subsidized by their big advertisers. Furthermore, NM has no single "angel"—no one person or foundation that meets the deficit which is inevitable in a publication such as this. But NM has thousands of "angels"—its readers. You.

Last year your magazine hit—and hit pretty hard—because you saw it through. Your contributions totaling $40,000 fired NM's salvos at the enemy fifty-two times in 1942. By planning and by rigorous budgeting we can see 1943 through on the same amount as last year—$40,000 despite the greatly increased prices of publishing.

We believe that is something of an achievement. And we have not raised the price of the magazine as so many other weekly periodicals have.

We know you are not rich; but we know you are fighters. You are soldiers. We have said, and you have agreed with us, that words can be bullets. This year needs more bullets and a deadlier aim.

Your contributions are the gunpowder that fires those bullets.

We know that you will help us make 1943 the year of decision.

JOSEPH NORTH.
(for the editors)

HERE'S THE AMMUNITION

to: The Editors, NEW MASSES, 461—4th Ave., New York, N. Y.

$_____ is enclosed as my initial contribution.

IN ADDITION, I want to pledge $_____ so that NEW MASSES can fully cover its planned budget. (Please indicate the date or dates of your pledged donations.)

My pledge dates are _____

NAME_____

STREET & NUMBER_____

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NM SPOTLIGHT

The State of the Union

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S annual message to Congress was a program for the future as well as a review of the past. It was a bold, fighting statement, illuminated with faith and determination, a message to the people and to the world. These things stand out in the message:

1. Mr. Roosevelt reaffirmed the basic strategy of concentrating on Europe and of assigning priority to the Soviet front. The events on that front, he said, were "by far the largest and most important developments in the world-wide strategic picture of 1942." And he pledged that the United Nations would strike in Europe, "and strike hard."

2. In the Far East he projected the strategy of wearing down Japan and of joint attacks with China.

3. He declared his belief that 1943 "will give to the United Nations a very substantial advance along the roads that lead to Berlin and Rome and Tokyo."

4. The armed forces of the United States have grown from 2,000,000 to 7,000,000 men in the past year. Of these, 1,500,000 are on the various fronts outside the country.

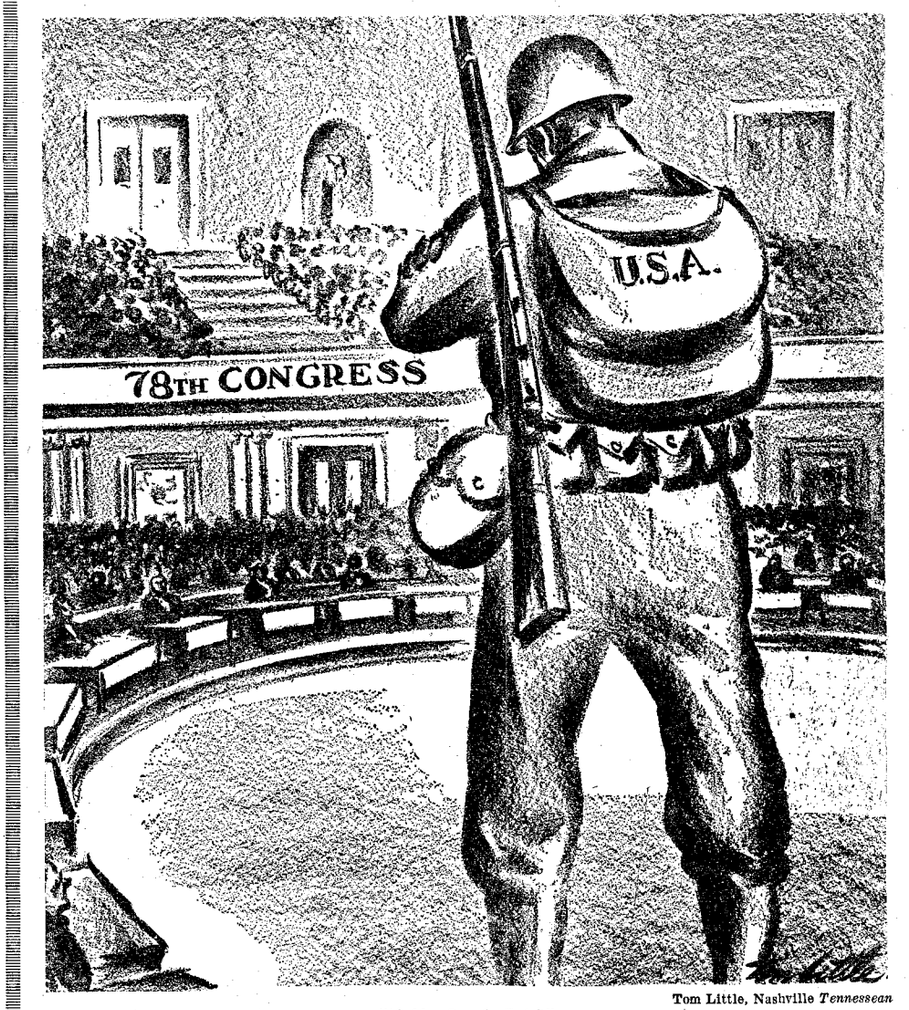
5. Production has greatly expanded, though there is no reason for complacence.

6. Mistakes have been made, but "we are determined to see to it that our supplies of food and other essential civilian goods are distributed on a fair and just basis. . . . And we are determined to keep the cost of living at a stable level."

7. As for the postwar period, the boys at the front want two things: a lasting peace and permanent employment. "They do not want a postwar America which suffers from undernourishment or slums—or the dole." These men "consider they have the right to work." And "they want assurance against the evils of all major economic hazards—assurance that will extend from the cradle to the grave. And this great government can and must provide this assurance." This hints at an American Beveridge plan.

8. The President argued against the isolationist fallacy and called for postwar collaboration among the United Nations to maintain peace.

THE message was couched in the form of a general statement of objectives and contained no specific recommendations. One of its weaknesses was that it failed to attack those in Congress and outside who are working to prevent the realization of these objectives: the bi-partisan defeatists and arch-reactionaries whom the President on another occasion called "bogus patriots."



Tom Little, Nashville *Tennessean*

"If Ye Break Faith"

On the Budget

THE new budget proposed by President Roosevelt abounds in such astronomical figures that it is difficult to grasp at a single rapid reading as we go to press. We can here make only a few tentative comments. Our country is to spend in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1944, $108,903,047,923, of which about $100,000,000,000 is to be for war purposes. Just to give an idea of its size, this budget is more than six times as large as that of the fiscal year 1919, which saw top expenditures in World War I.

But the President is quite right in saying that "Victory cannot be bought with any amount of money, however large; victory is achieved by the blood of soldiers, the sweat of working men and women, and the sacrifice of all people." Putting it another way, victory is achieved through an offensive military strategy, the establishment of centralized planning of our war economy to assure maximum output of war materials and essential civilian goods and services, and the welding of a firm, dynamic national unity.

In his budget message the President had important things to say on the production aspect of this threefold task. His emphasis on proper scheduling so that "the right items are produced in the right amounts at the right time" is the crux of the problem of planned production. And his state-

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ment that not enough progress has been made "in spreading war contracts more widely among medium sized and smaller plants" points to a major shortcoming of the present production and procurement setup. Mr. Roosevelt has yet to draw the conclusion implicit in his recognition of individual aspects of the problem: that effective scheduling, the utilization of the facilities of smaller firms, the full mobilization of our manpower resources, and the proper production and distribution of essential civilian goods and services require centralized, planned direction along the lines proposed in the Tolan-Kilgore-Pepper bills and the enlistment of labor together with management in the administration of the entire program.

THE budget message recommends the raising of $16,000,000,000 of additional revenue through taxation, savings, or both. It urges that no new burdens be placed on the lower and middle incomes "unless the rates on higher and very large incomes are made fully effective." It is unfortunate that the President was not more specific. The fact is that the tax law passed last year ignored the principles he enunciated, failed to tax corporate income and excess profits as heavily as the Treasury Department proposed, but placed an unjust share of the burden on the lower and middle brackets, and topped it off by enacting the outrageous so-called victory tax. The additional sixteen billions that the President requests must be raised, but when it turns out that for the first nine months of 1942 net profits of corporations *after* deduction of taxes were only 5 percent below the same period in 1941 and considerably above the 1939 figure, the public is entitled to have its own idea of what equality of sacrifice means. And it is entitled to expect that the Treasury Department, instead of talking bold and acting meek, will stand up to the reactionaries on the Senate Finance Committee and House Ways and Means Committee, and insist on a democratic win-the-war tax program. For this and for the enactment of the other provisions of the President's victory budget the folks who do most of the bleeding and sweating and sacrificing, particularly the organized workers, will have to pull together and pull hard.

Louisville *Courier-Journal*

". . . along the road that leads to Rome, Berlin, and Tokyo"

Tolan Hits Hard

IN HIS annual message President Roosevelt said: "There has been criticism of the management and conduct of our war production. Much of this self-criticism has had a healthy effect. It has spurred us on."

Chief laurels for spurring on war production through constructive criticism undoubtedly go to the House Tolan committee. The committee has now issued its final report. It is filled with that hard-hitting common sense that one has learned to expect from this group. "Our failure to meet the President's production goals during 1942," the report states, "reflects . . . a general maladjustment in the war production program. We cannot afford the luxury of self-congratulation on the production record of 1942. It represents substantial gains, to be sure, over low levels of 1941, but is the product of America's unorganized might and falls far short of our organized productive capacity, to say nothing of the stated goals."

Full mobilization of the country's economic life through centralized, planned administration is the answer to our production problem, the committee insists. That is the setup proposed by the Tolan-Kilgore-Pepper bills. The committee warns that the new goals for 1943, which involve doubling our 1942 output, "will never be achieved in the absence of" centralized planning and control, and that continuance of the present methods "will permanently injure the country in the postwar period, in addition to prolonging the war."

MANPOWER? This problem suffers especially, according to the Tolan report, from failure to integrate it with production as part of an over-all plan. Though "not opposed to compulsion as such," the committee is against a national service act at this time because of the haphazard state of war mobilization which would only be aggravated by a compulsory labor measure. The committee's views on centralized war mobilization and manpower are substantially those expressed in the CIO's eleven-point legislative program made public the same day as the Tolan report. Pres. Philip Murray pointed out that the proposals in the Tolan-Kilgore-Pepper bills could be put into effect by President Roosevelt "through executive action." That would be the quickest way.

Edmund Duffy, Baltimore *Sun*

For Whom the Bell Tolls

The Tolan committee was originally set up to investigate labor migration in defense industries. Its work in this field led it to examine the whole sphere of war production and its related problems. The committee has proved to be one of the most valuable congressional bodies in many years. It should be reestablished in the new Congress with an increased appropriation.

The Elephant Trumpets

THE voices are those of Joseph Martin, Republican leader of the House, and Harrison E. Spangler, new GOP chairman. But the words have the familiar lilt of Herbert Hoover circa 1936, when the American Liberty League was doing a land-office business. Now, in the middle of the greatest national emergency that ever confronted us, the same old crowd warms over the same old Hitler-cooked stuff and presents it as serious political thinking. Joseph Martin sings to the new Congress the words originally composed by Hoover and recently revised by the National Association of Manufacturers. It is called "Program of the Republican Party." Spangler hums along in the current *American* magazine, where he outlines the "Republican aims for 1943."

First of all, it should be emphasized that Martin and Spangler do not speak for the whole Republican Party but for the anti-Willkie, anti-Roosevelt reaction within the party. They also speak for the worst poll-tax Southerners who call themselves Democrats. Their "program" is

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"Hi-ho, Silver!"

frankly agin' everything. Of course, Martin makes a bow toward winning the war—and suggests this can be achieved by cutting out all expenditures for progressive ends. He is strong for "no partisan politics"; and to this end he pledges his boys will virulently oppose the President and the administration no matter what. Martin's contribution to the war effort is dedicated to scalping New Deal agencies, labeled "arrogant bureaucracies." And he would give labor a break by enacting every NAM anti-labor proposal.

Spangler also inveighs against "bureaucracy"; both men use the term to sanction a throat-cutting spree against the New Deal, the war effort, and naturally, the American people. The mayhem will be accomplished by an apologetic "We do this for your own good, and this hurts us worse than it does you."

What can the majority do in the face of such peril? Obviously the first requirement is full mobilization of the people politically throughout the nation, including all patriotic business elements, behind President Roosevelt's win-the-war leadership. The unions ought to be up front in this movement.

NEITHER Martin nor Spangler concerns himself overly with the subject of foreign policy. Spangler pays lip-service to United Nations unity after the war. But nothing in his program is calculated to build such unity. Martin evidently committed Henry Luce's American Century pronouncements to memory, carried away by their promise of an imperialist enslavement of the world under the dollar sign. For the House Republican leader says: "America must rule the air, and to do this it is necessary for the Congress to plan intelligently for this air supremacy following the war." Reaction's "peace" aims couldn't be stated more clearly—and the next world war couldn't be prepared more effectively.

Get Them All!

NEW YORKERS know the *Enquirer* as a flamboyant Sunday paper which both in journalistic technique and politics seems to be an adjunct of the Hearst press. It goes easy on fascism and hard on democracy (invariably labeled Communism). It specializes in sowing suspicion of the American government and its allies. It has a weakness for the kind of people who manage to get themselves involved in sedition charges.

The New York *Enquirer* is at last being smoked out. It and its pompous publisher, William Griffin, have been indicted by a District of Columbia grand jury on charges of conspiring to impair the morale and loyalty of the armed forces. They must stand trial together with thirty-two others, including such characters as the Nazi agent George Sylvester Viereck (who was in the habit of occasionally tossing off an editorial for the *Enquirer*); Elizabeth Dilling; George Deatherage, former head of the Knights of the White Camellia; William Dudley Pelley, fuehrer of the Silver Shirts, who is already serving a jail term on another charge; Herman Max Schwinn, Los Angeles Bundist; Edward James Smythe, pro-Nazi who was a speaker for the America First Committee; Robert Edward Edmondson, James C. True, and Gerald B. Winrod, anti-Semitic propagandists. Twenty-eight of those named had been previously indicted for sedition. Many of them were first exposed by NEW MASSES years ago.

TWO thoughts occur to us in connection with these indictments. First, why have certain friends and associates of the accused been omitted? Where, for example, is the patron of William Griffin, William Randolph Hearst? Where are those two prime Nazi-lovers, Charles E. Coughlin and Gerald L. K. Smith, whose high-powered sedition mills are working overtime? And where are the leaders of the Ku Klux Klan, beginning with Imperial Wizard James A. Colescott?

The second thought concerns the friends at court of the conspirators. Senators Taft and Wheeler, whose defeatist activities before and after Pearl Harbor are well known, protested the original indictments. Rep. Clare Hoffman, whose speeches have been widely distributed by some of the accused, has been denouncing the Department of Justice. And Martin Dies, with thousands of dollars in public funds at his disposal, worked hard at ignoring most of the conspirators and merely went through the motions of investigating a few. Isn't it time that these gentlemen also were smoked out?

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Seeing Ghosts

"Better go down and join the union,
Better go down and join the union,
Better go down and join the union,
Everybody join the union."

THAT'S part of a song that the Office of War Information recently broadcast by shortwave to some of the conquered countries. But no more. Such subversive notions will no longer filter through to the men and women whose own labor unions have been smashed by Hitler. Roy Howard, Pegler's boss and a man who for a long time thought that doing business with Hitler and Hirohito wasn't a bad idea at all, uttered a loud boo in the columns of his New York *World-Telegram*. Certain officials of the OWI immediately took fright and decreed that the Almanac Singers, who sang the above seditious appeal to join the union, would no longer be permitted to broadcast their anti-fascist songs. According to the New York *Times*, part of the charge against the Almanacs is that they have been "periodically praised in the Communist organ, the *Daily Worker*." This is indeed serious. We wonder whether the OWI realizes that it has another broadcaster guilty of the same crime—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

WHILE one government agency was giving hostages to Martin Dies and Roy Howard, the United States Army seemed to be boasting about the fact that it had an internationally known fifth columnist in its ranks. He is Alexander Barmine, who claims to have been Soviet charge d'affaires in Athens; in 1937 he was implicated in the Trotskyite conspiracy organized at the instructions of Hitler and the Japanese. Barmine thereupon openly became part of the ring of anti-Sovieteers who sought to undermine the defense of the democratic capitalist countries by alienating them from Russia. Just what value this self-confessed friend of the Nazi spy Tukhachevsky can be in a war against fascism is a question the War Department ought to find an answer to quickly. We don't recall hearing of any proposal that Fritz Kuhn be inducted into the armed forces.

That Genius Carver

THIS is fact, not fiction: The scene is a primitive cabin on the Missouri farm of a white planter named Moses Carver. The time is 1864. A Negro slave woman huddles her six-month infant in her arms. Of the father we are told only that he was the "property" of a neighboring planter. Mother and child are abducted by night riders across the Arkansas border. Planter Moses Carver pursues the thieves. But the mother has already disappeared, never to be heard of again. The infant is alive, and Carver buys him back for a race horse valued at $300. The sickly child is named George Washington, and his surname is inevitably Carver, for the man who traded in the race horse.

The child learns to read in Webster's blue-black speller; he works his way through high school by doing odd jobs of cooking and housekeeping. Applying for admission to the big college in Iowa, he is rejected because he is black. Despite virtually insurmountable obstacles, he continues his education, finally is able to study agriculture at Iowa State College, takes a master's degree, and begins to teach at the college. And one of his pupils is Henry A. Wallace, who as Vice-President of the United States will remember his debt to an inspiring teacher.

George Washington Carver's heart is with his people, and he gladly accepts Booker T. Washington's invitation to teach at the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute in Alabama, where he establishes a school of agriculture that is to enjoy a world reputation. And what miracles of research, rooted in a deep scientific understanding, he performs there! Because the farmers are forced by boll weevil ravages to turn to other crops, he becomes interested in the peanut and develops more than 300 synthetic products: peanut butter, oils, dyes, soaps, cough medicine, imitation coffee, even an axle-grease. From the sweet potato he develops 118 products: starch, library paste, shoe polish, imitation rubber. From the soy bean he develops a paint which is to be used by the great automobile companies as the spray for American cars. And he is showered with honors: a fellowship in the Royal Society of Arts in London, an honorary degree from the University of Rochester, the Spingarn award, the Roosevelt medal, a plaque from the Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists, and Technicians. And none of this interferes with his music—he has learned to play the piano—and his painting—one of his drawings was bought for the Luxembourg in Paris.

Now he is dead, this man of genius. Which of the poll-taxers and the lynchers has contributed more to our civilization? And is this the "ape-man" of whom Hitler shrieks when he talks of Negroes?

It is impossible to be proud of this distinguished scientist's achievements, without at the same time being ashamed of the obstacles which were put in his way and which continue to be put in the way of the George Washington Carvers of America.

Giants of Science

TWO other renowned pioneers in science, Nikola Tesla and George Washington Crile, died last week. Each in his own field had made major contributions to human progress.

Tesla's inventions in the field of electricity recall the great names of Steinmetz and Edison. Like the former, he was an immigrant, arriving here—with four cents in his pocket—from his native Yugoslavia at the age of twenty-seven. With Edison he worked at the world-famous Orange, N. J., laboratory. Over 900 electrical devices are registered in Tesla's name. He made the first practical application of alternating current, and he furthered the development of modern dynamos, transformers, and condensers. It is not too much to say that there is scarcely a moment in our workaday lives that we do not profit from his inventive genius.

Dr. Crile, a native of Ohio, where he did most of his work, was one of the great American surgeons who exercised an international influence. He will be best remembered and honored for his development of the nerve-block system of anesthesia to reduce surgical shock. By isolating surgical areas from the brain, Dr. Crile minimized the wear and tear on the nervous system which general anesthesia had been unable to prevent and which frequently resulted in death. Dr. Crile was the first surgeon to perform a direct blood transfusion, another momentous achievement in the history of surgery. His experiments with adrenalin injections were important pioneer efforts.

These men were giants, and America is proud of their service to all mankind.

Transit Trouble

MILLIONS of New Yorkers are beginning to wonder what country John H. Delaney, president of the Board of Transportation, thinks he's living in. Somebody ought to tell him it isn't the Third Reich. High-handed treatment of the city's 32,000 subway workers is causing increasing resentment on the part of the city's inhabitants who have a deep respect for the hard-working, efficient men who get them to the factory, office, and home on time.

The transit workers have a real case—one that cannot, by any canon, be ignored. They simply can't make ends meet. Prices have risen twenty percent and their wages

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have, in effect, been frozen. Many men have been forced to leave the service, and a much greater number plan to do so unless the current wage controversy is satisfactorily settled through substantial concessions. At this writing, those concessions aren't in sight.

The mayor has appointed a fact-finding commission to report at some future date—which doesn't butter any parsnips today. The service, already undermanned, threatens to lose its former, well functioning characteristics. Already lines are missing many runs, causing unprecedented delays at a time when the war effort needs full speed. It is a sad commentary on affairs when the Transport Workers Union had to buy full pages in the city's press to get its side of the story across. The men do not want to strike; they want to arbitrate; and their families need more substantial pay envelopes to keep up to par. That is the issue, and it behooves the greatest city in the world to settle it at once.

Jails in North Africa

NINE days after the Anglo-American landing on the North African coast President Roosevelt made an important declaration of policy. "I have requested," he said, "the liberation of all persons in North Africa who had been imprisoned because they opposed the efforts of the Nazis to dominate the world." That statement was issued on November 17, nearly two months ago. A few days ago, however, Dr. Edward K. Barsky, chairman of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, announced that his committee had received a written communication from an official of the State Department reporting that the President's request for the liberation of these anti-fascist fighters had not yet been carried out!

Thirty thousand Spanish loyalists and International Brigaders are still interned in North African concentration camps. Pierre Cot has said, "What is happening in North Africa is a test of American ability to restore freedom in the world." Despite the President's clear instruction, that test has not yet been met.

THE Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee has rightly called upon all Americans to urge the immediate carrying out of President Roosevelt's policy. Letters should be addressed to the President expressing full support and asking that he investigate the delay in freeing these prisoners. Trade unions and other groups, including organizations of the Spanish people, should query the State Department as to why the President's orders have not been

HIGH TIME

ON EVERY continent men are watching the giant battle thundering on the 2,000-mile front in Russia. The hopes of mankind rise as the Red Army continues to roll on, tearing scores of Nazi regiments and divisions into shreds. The strategic initiative seized by the Russians about November 20 remains in their hands and has, in fact, been developed with greater power this winter than one year ago. At this writing the Soviet columns batter their way toward Rostov, some sixty miles off. Rostov is the gate which, if locked by the Russians, can irrevocably trap between 1,000,000 and 2,000,000 Nazis in the regions to the west and south. It is truly one of the climactic moments of the war—a moment with tremendous potentiality for the cause of all the United Nations.

There was another moment like this—just about a year ago. Then, too, the Nazis were rolling back. Then, too, the world watched, fascinated. But the world only watched . . . and the moment was lost. Had the allies of the Russians swung into action on the western approaches to Berlin, victory would have been achieved in 1942.

But today is 1943: the year which hundreds of millions throughout the world hope will be the year of decision. President Roosevelt himself intimated as much in his address to the nation, and repeated it in a subsequent press conference. In his account of the war's direction in 1942 he noted that Axis strength has begun to decline, which is due chiefly to the heroic deeds of our Soviet ally. The President stressed the global nature of this war and the imperative necessity of coalition strategy to overwhelm the enemy. The President underscored the fundamental strategy of victory—"to strike and strike hard" at the Axis in Europe.

That, indeed, is the key to victory in 1943. That the Axis is tiring is manifest to all authorities. Even that crusty military observer Hanson Baldwin of the New York "Times" has seen enough of the light to say, "This strain upon German military manpower is perhaps one of the most important consequences of the Russian offensive." That the oppressed millions of Europe are more than ready to rise in support of an invading Anglo-American army anywhere on the continent is clear. Goebbels can no longer conceal the rising tide of rebelliousness.

The tide rose high upon the news of the magnificent landing in North Africa. That invasion was important, both in itself and in its augury. It cut off the road to Latin America; it sewed up Hitler's approaches to Asia Minor, and it threw England and America definitely into the heavy land fighting. But its greatest significance lay in its promise. Everywhere it was interpreted as preliminary to the invasion of the decisive continent—Europe: it was prelude to companion action with the Red Army.

But the fact remains that the Russians are still engaged in battling ninety percent of Hitler's armies. Again, as the New York "Times" put it, "The Russians are still facing at the end of more than eighteen months of war the major weight of the Axis war machine. . . ." And, as Mr. Baldwin further observed, "Outside influences are thus of major importance in the Russian campaign; what the Allies will do in the rest of Europe, or what Hitler is forced to do on other fronts to meet Allied attacks, will be of major importance to the Russian campaign." And not to the Russian campaign alone, but to the fate of the United Nations.

In saying these things Mr. Baldwin registers, for this time at least, what millions in America, and throughout the world, feel. Last week, for example, the official organ of the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers (CIO) numbering some 435,000, wrote that the second front in Europe "is still missing, though it is basic in the official strategy of the United Nations and necessary to win the war."

That we have the means is apparent to all today. Shipping, for instance, which was rigged up as the big bugaboo against the second front last year, is at hand. The invasion of North Africa borne by a mighty armada of some 850 ships proved that. Those ships, in overwhelming majority, returned to their bases. And the run across the channel is far less than the run to Africa.

Truly, now is the time. Now, while the Russians are striking; now, while the Nazis reel back; now, while the millions on the continent are waiting. History will not forgive our leaders for making the same mistake twice.

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obeyed. Delegations should call on the State Department to convey the urgent desire of the people of this country for the immediate release of all anti-fascists in North Africa. Their freedom, as Dr. Barsky said, is a military necessity because it would emphasize the anti-fascist character of this war; because of the contribution these fighters can make to the war effort; and because of the influence those Spanish loyalists and International Brigaders would exert to prevent Spain from being dragged into the war on Hitler's side.

Sergt. Bob Thompson, whose heroism is described in Alvah Bessie's article on page 20, was one of the International Brigaders. There are thousands more such heroes, but today 30,000 of them are rotting away in North African prisons to the discredit of the United States and the injury of the United Nations.

Meanwhile a number of anti-fascists have succeeded in escaping from France to Switzerland and to Lisbon. The Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee can rescue them; but for this it needs funds immediately. Such public support will also enable the committee to strengthen its position as the spearhead of the American people's campaign to ensure speedy enactment of President Roosevelt's instructions to free the North African prisoners.

Plea from Bolivia

AN URGENT appeal to intervene on behalf of the Bolivian tin workers has been made to Vice-President Wallace and to Gen. Enrique Penaranda, President of Bolivia, by Pres. Lombardo Toledano of the Confed-

(Continued on page 10)

GUEST EDITORIAL

by Peter V. Cacchione

STORM SIGNALS

Hugo Gellert

STORM signals hover over our land. Our war economy is being threatened from within. Despite price-control, prices of basic necessities are rising precipitously. Black markets are flourishing. On some items we have ceilings on wholesale prices, but not on retail prices. Higher prices for inferior quality goods are becoming the rule today, rather than the exception. The scarcity of vital consumer goods and foods is aggravated by hoarding. There is a flow of supplies to the higher priced markets, and low income wage earners are finding it more and more difficult to supply their families with the necessities of life.

The workers are becoming restless. Civilian morale is heading for the breaking point unless firm, positive steps are taken at once. We were promised price-control and rationing and a stable cost of living. Wage stabilization is enforced, but we have far to go to achieve real price-control and rationing.

IT IS clear that what is needed to prevent a breakdown in our war economy and ward off a threatened inflation are vigorous steps from Washington for the immediate institution of over-all, equal, and democratic rationing and rigid price-control of all basic necessities. It is also clear that the threatened collapse of our price-control structure is a result of the pressure of the "farm bloc" and the "business-as-usual" profiteers who succeeded at the last session of Congress in reducing appropriations for the Office of Price Administration to prevent over-all rationing and price-control. Mr. Henderson's resignation as head of the OPA was a concession to these anti-victory forces.

It is these same gentlemen who first refused to give Mr. Henderson the tools for institution of an adequate price and rationing program, and then clamored for his scalp. And today they severely attack the shortcomings of the administration's inadequate program, not to improve it, but to eliminate it entirely, to make way for a profiteer's paradise. It should be remembered that if these gentlemen had supported President Roosevelt's seven-point anti-inflation program last year, we would not be presented with this chaotic situation today.

As President Roosevelt so aptly said in his recent fighting war speech which was so heartily welcomed by all America, "Fortunately, there are only a few Americans who place appetite above patriotism." These few gourmands, who are trying to wreck our war economy, can be defeated. A national planned economic program to include over-all rationing and adequate price-control can be achieved. But for this, we need greater and greater support for the win-the-war policies of our national administration. In particular, every one of us must see that our individual congressman will fight to guarantee that the OPA receives a budget for the coming year adequate for the immediate institution of over-all rationing and price-control.

IN NEW YORK CITY, most of our difficulties on food, oil, gas, etc., stem from national planlessness. But in one particular field our local officials have an opportunity to do some planning of their own to relieve a sore spot which is constantly being aggravated as a result of gas and oil rationing and increased employment. That is the matter of serious overcrowding of our transit facilities. Traffic on our city buses, trolleys, and subways has increased rapidly in the past year, especially during "rush hours," to the bursting point. Such overcrowding seriously threatens the health of our people and impairs their ability to produce for the war effort. The impossibility of obtaining additional equipment and the deterioration of existing rolling stock increase accident hazards.

This demands immediate action by the mayor to call together representatives of every group in our population, from Chambers of Commerce to labor and consumer groups, to plan for the voluntary staggering of work hours to relieve such congestion on our transit lines.

President Roosevelt holds out the prospect for final victory during this session of the 78th Congress. Bringing price-control and rationing into harmony with a national planned economy will be the guarantee for speedy victory over the Axis.

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(Continued from page 9)

eration of Latin American Workers. Thus the spokesman for millions of workers to the south of us associates himself with the urgent pleas being made by American trade unions for immediate intervention against the ruinous anti-labor policies of the Patino, Hochschild, and Arramayo owners of the principal source of our wartime tin supply.

It becomes increasingly evident that the tin strike, far from having been instigated by fifth column elements among Bolivian workers, was forced by the reactionary anti-war attitude of the mine owners. American Ambassador Pierre Boal has been accused of siding with the tin kings and urging the Bolivian government to be tough on the workers. Drew Pearson reports that "government labor advisers in Washington interpret Ambassador Boal's highly interesting report as meaning that he approved the ruthless methods of the tin king [Patino] and was critical of the more humane attitude of the Bolivian government."

The truth of the matter is that the under-paid, half-starved, ill-clothed, poorly-housed mine workers have for many months pressed for improved working conditions, urging the mine owners to adjust differences in order to prevent a strike. Their own leaders as well as other progressives in Bolivia did everything possible to prevent a strike and indeed were successful in doing so at the Potosi mines operated by Hochschild. The 5,000 Potosi workers reacted favorably to the plea of liberal Deputy Arratia who said: "Miners—do not respond to Hochschild's fifth column provocations!"

The Patino mines strike is now ended—but not the conditions which created it or which threatened, and still threaten, a general strike throughout the industry. Americans must urge that their government give prompt and positive attention to the patriotic suggestion of Lombardo Toledano. In his cable to Vice-President Wallace he said: "The cause of the United Nations will gain much in Latin America if the government of the United States, which is the only buyer of the war material production of the Ibero-American countries, obliges the producers of these materials, through clauses in the buying-selling contracts, to earmark a part of the price paid not only for higher wages but also for attending to the vital needs of the workers, including hospitals and medicines, living quarters and drinking water. . . ."

Press Parade

"CURTIN [Prime Minister John Curtin of Australia], fifty-six, is the first chief of a modern state to carry the badge and card of a newspaperman's union."—*PM.*

For *PM's* information, a man by the name of V. I. Lenin, who was chief of the Soviet state, was a member of the Soviet Journalist's Union. In filling out a questionnaire at a Communist Congress Lenin described his occupation with the single word "journalist." There was no newspapermen's union in czarist Russia or Lenin's successor as Soviet chief of state, Joseph Stalin, would have qualified. He was for a time editor of *Pravda.*

A READER WHO had just arrived from East dropped into the *People's World* office in Los Angeles with this story, which shows the changing times.

In the dining car of the train a well dressed, middle aged woman had allowed her coffee to cool while she was reading the newspaper.

She called to the waiter:

"My coffee's cold. Will you please get me another cup?"

"Sorry, ma'am, it can't be done."

"What do you mean?"

"Only one cup of coffee per person," he said politely. "Those are the regulations."

"But I'm ready to pay for another cup."

"That doesn't matter. It's still one cup per person."

The woman looked angry enough to pound on the table.

"I'll never ride on this train again. When I get off of here, I'm through with this line," she said.

"That's exactly what the government wants," he said. "When we deliver you to where you're going, they want you to stay put."

FRONT LINES by COLONEL T.

THE WAR IN THE PACIFIC

REVIEWING the first year of America's belligerent participation in this global war, I pointed out in the December 8 NEW MASSES that the offensive phase, as far as the United States was concerned, started on August 8 when marines landed in the Tulagi-Guadalcanal area of the Solomons.

Five months have passed. Let us list and, if possible, analyze the happenings in the Pacific area during this period.

When the marines landed in the Solomons, Admiral King said: "The objective of the current operation is to eject the Japanese from the Tulagi area and to make use of that area for our own purposes." Since then we have held and somewhat enlarged our little hold on Guadalcanal and have completed the installations of Henderson Field which the Japanese had begun to build just before we moved in. The enemy has been forced to establish another field and base in Munda, on New Britain Island, to take the place of what is now Henderson Field. Thus it might be said that we have pushed Japanese air power some 175 miles to the northwest. We sit on the end of the Solomons—Bismarck Archipelago—thus taking the sting out of that scorpion's tail, which was directed at our supply line from the United States to Australia.

The area of Guadalcanal and the struggle for and around it brings to mind the following picture: two great electrical condensers face each other. There is a break between their polished brass spheres and across the break high-voltage sparks crackle fitfully back and forth. The two "condensers" are the naval and air power of Japan and the United States. The contact between them is not sufficient to resolve the tension. Sporadic conflicts occur, but the situation remains one of hair-trigger suspense. There is no decision.

Soon after the landing of United States forces on Tulagi-Guadalcanal, the Chinese, taking advantage of reported Japanese withdrawals from Central China, launched an offensive in the Lake Poyang area, around Nanchang and Kinwha, and along the lines of the Kiangsi-Chekiang and Peiping-Nanking railroads. It is difficult to say whether the Chinese were doing this as part of a concerted Allied strategy, to support the American effort in the Solomons, or just as a move suggested by the opportunity of partial Japanese withdrawals. In any case this offensive did achieve a definite purpose: the Japanese were pre-

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vented from forging a railroad link between their Central Front and its southern wing, an achievement which had been their ambition for more than a year. Thanks to this Chinese offensive, in which the Japanese suffered serious losses and reverses, the enemy was prevented from improving communications with his forces threatening Yunnan (and India) and was forced to go on relying on sea transport only.

These lines through the western Pacific and south China have all along been the object of frequent and very daring raids by our submarines, which have been sinking Japanese ships not only in view of Shanghai, but even in sight of a race-track in Japan itself. The losses inflicted by our submarine campaign in Japanese-controlled waters has been one of our most telling blows against the enemy.

In August, also, our task forces made stabs at the enemy in the Aleutians, but the results were not spectacular.

Jim Turnbull

SEPTEMBER 1 saw the first Japanese offensive move in the new phase of the war. The Japanese made their fourth try at Port Moresby, this time from the southeastern tip of New Guinea, at Milne Bay. This attempt was crushed by General MacArthur's men and the enemy landing was liquidated. A week later the Japanese reenforced their troops on Guadalcanal and, simultaneously, began an overland march on Port Moresby from Buna and Gona, across the Owen Stanley Mountains. On September 17 they were only thirty-two miles from Port Moresby and that is where MacArthur's American and Australian troops stopped them.

On October 2 the United States reoccupied the Andreanoff Islands in the Aleutian Group, without opposition.

At the southern end of the enormous Pacific Front, the beginning of October saw a telling defeat inflicted by the enemy on our navy. Four heavy cruisers were sunk because, apparently, we had been caught napping. Admiral Ghormley was relieved and replaced by Admiral Halsey. Immediately things took a different turn in the Solomons area.

Around the middle of October a crisis began to ripen. There were reports of heavy naval forces being rushed up to the Solomons area by both sides. During the next six weeks the famous "three rounds" of the battle of the Solomons were fought. The first round of the battle was fought out on October 26. It proved indecisive, but the Japanese fleet retired from the waters around Guadalcanal, and the "field" of battle was left in our hands. The second round was fought on November 13, 14, and 15, and ended in a crushing naval defeat for the Japanese, who lost some thirty ships. The third round was fought in the beginning of December. It was a victory for us, but on a smaller scale than that of round two. Again the Japanese fleet retired to its bases to the northwest (probably Rabaul).

MEANWHILE MacArthur, after stopping the Japanese thirty-two miles short of Port Moresby, had launched an offensive across the Owen Stanley Range and by mid-November was already approaching Buna and Gona. A month later he captured Buna Village. At this writing the last Japanese position around Sanananda Point is completely cut off and surrounded. Sporadic Japanese attempts to reenforce their beachheads at Buna have failed, crushed under the bombs of US fliers. General MacArthur reports that the "entire Japanese army of Papua, under Lieutenant General Horii, approximately 15,000 strong," has been annihilated. This Army of Papua is reported to have consisted of elements of four Japanese divisions. However, since it totaled only a little more than half a division, we must surmise that only separate units of four Japanese divisions were incorporated in that army.

General MacArthur sums up enemy aerial losses since July 23 (date of Japanese landings in the Buna area) as follows: destroyed 333 planes; probably destroyed, eighty-one; damaged, 117; total, 531. In these operations US aerial losses must have been about 130 planes because President Roosevelt in his message to Congress said that we are shooting down enemy planes at the ratio of 2:1 in the West, and 4:1 in the East. Naval losses—sunk, or destroyed, or seriously damaged—inflicted by our aircraft since July 23 (including the Rabaul area) total six cruisers, thirteen destroyers, one destroyer tender, two seaplane tenders, two gunboats, forty-four large to medium merchant ships, thirty-nine small to medium merchant ships, and between 150 and 200 landing barges.

Other developments of this latter period were: United States planes repeatedly bombed Kiska. There was a heavy United States raid on Wake Island.

Away over on the extreme left wing of our Pacific Front, General Wavell started a push into Burma in the end of December. The objective seemingly was the port of Akyab. The direction chosen would tend to indicate that Wavell had no more ambitious plans than to eject the Japanese from that port. A march from Akyab into central Burma across towering mountains would hardly be a practical plan for such forces as are seemingly available in eastern India. Nothing much has been heard of late about this Wavell operation. All we know is that American and British (and Indian) fliers are plastering the Japanese bases in Burma and have flown as far as Lashio and even Bangkok. The Japanese have retaliated weakly against Chittagong and Calcutta, but their raids were definitely of a "token" character.

Thus we can say that the extreme wings of our front in the Pacific have been in a rather static condition for many weeks. We bomb Kiska and we bomb Burma, but that is about the size of it.

A LATENT danger lurks right in the center of the Pacific Front, and that in the deep rear of the enemy, as he faces us: China seems to be weakening from military "malnutrition." The Chinese will not give up, but without arms and ammunition they are helpless. If we fail to reenforce them by reopening the Burma Road through real, energetic land action—we may lose the potential *place d'armes* for a defeat of Japan on land; furthermore, many Japanese divisions may be released from China for action elsewhere. This is why the halfhearted and desultory push by General Wavell toward Akyab is so disturbing. It does not look as if he will be able to reopen the Burma Road.

In the center of the great front, on our

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side of it, the Japanese are reenforcing their remaining strongholds on New Guinea. Their great convoy which headed into Lae has suffered a three-day reverse at the hands of US bombers. One hundred and thirty Japanese planes have been destroyed, about ten transports have been sunk or damaged. However, some reenforcements have been landed by the Japanese. They will send more convoys because they are going to hang on to New Guinea with all their strength.

On the other hand, there are indications that the fourth round of the battle of the Solomons may be drawing near. It is expected that this time the enemy will at last send into the fight his newest and heaviest battle wagons (the 45,000-ton stuff). We do not know what the balance of naval power is and whether it has been appreciably improved by the battles of the Coral Sea, Midway, and the three battles of the Solomons. (This remark is not a complaint, for, of course, we *should not* know such things.) We do know that the enemy has suffered heavily in the carrier class, but the ratio of battle-stuff is a mystery.

So, after reviewing the last five months of the war in the Pacific, we see that there exists a hair-trigger contact between two great forces, a contact which might any moment turn into an all-out struggle. It must be admitted that in these five months very little has been done to change the picture. Actually, only the threat to Port Moresby has been removed in a long, bloody, fierce, but very small-scale struggle, in which our opponents numbered only 15,000 men. In the Solomons the objective as outlined by Admiral King in August has been achieved. North of the Solomons nothing of importance has happened.

WATCH ON THE POTOMAC by BRUCE MINTON

HERB HOOVER'S LITTLE FINLAND

Washington.

HERBERT HOOVER has been giving much thought to his political wardrobe these past months. The ex-President has at his disposal the somewhat threadbare costume in which he struts as "The Great Engineer." Or he can shake the mothballs out of his dress suit and white tie for his impersonation of "The Great Economist." He can appear, if he wants to revive unpleasant memories, in somewhat shabby mufti as "The Great Administrator." And finally he can revamp his pudgy and normally sour expression, don his refitted Boy Scout costume, and present himself with what graciousness he can command as "The Great Humanitarian."

This last rendition is undoubtedly Mr. Hoover's masterpiece. It takes more doing, of course, since no one can forget his interpretation during the last war. In those far-off days, with control over the food, clothing, and medical supplies of most of the world firmly in his hands, Herbert Hoover overlooked no opportunity to starve and oppress the people of Europe. Through his so-called "relief" organizations, he waged relentless war against the Soviet Revolution of 1917—the people's revolution, as Vice-President Wallace pointed out, which carried on the traditions of our own Revolution of 1776. To Mr. Hoover go first honors for killing the people's republic of Hungary in favor of the present fascist regime with which the United States is at war. His handling of "relief" in Germany did much to assure Hitler's subsequent rise to power. Mr. Hoover has always put great reliance on the use of "relief" as a political weapon.

In the past two years he has been conscientiously adding to his record. His most recent adventure in humanitarianism has been carried on as head of what he calls "Finnish War Relief." Perhaps it is not strange, knowing his predilection for making charity pay off politically, that Mr. Hoover has deliberately kept the details of his Finninsh activities obscured from the public. I make no claim to knowing the whole story. But some facts are beginning to leak out in Washington. The following are now available—though for some reason previously unpublished:

1. A great portion of the funds collected by the Finnish War Relief Fund, the Hoover organization, were, and even since Pearl Harbor have been, handed over to Hjalmar Procope, Finnish Minister to the United States. No accounting is asked or made concerning the manner in which these funds are spent. Great sums have been given to Procope and to his Legation's "relief liaison officer," Erkki Mikkala, with no questions asked. There is no way to ascertain that the donated funds are used to aid the Finnish people.

FRANKLY Mr. Hoover has had no qualms about dealing with an enemy agent for thirteen months of American participation in the war. Quite openly, Procope represents an Axis government. Nevertheless, Herbert Hoover goes his own way—collecting and contributing American funds needed for our war effort and presenting these funds to the representative of Mannerheim's fascist terror. Trustingly, Hoover allows the money to be spent in any manner and for any purpose that this representative of an Axis satellite may decide.

2. Mr. Hoover pleaded for Finland and shed crocodile tears over that nation's plight at a time when his "relief" was openly and enthusiastically welcomed by Hitler. The Nazis still approve of Hoover aid—why not, since planes donated by Hoover are used to sink American ships off Murmansk and Petsamo? Hoover was shrewd enough not to risk Hitler's displeasure. As long ago as three months before the Nazis marched into the Soviet Union, the German embassy in Finland informed the Hoover organization that the Hitler government gladly permitted "mercy ships" to pass through the Baltic to bring Germany's Finnish ally valuable supplies. At that same time Hoover's men in Finland were given to understand that 400,000 German troops were stationed in Norway—a number, so the German spokesman in Finland admitted, far out of proportion to the needs of "policing" Norway. Moreover, 40,000 Germans were billeted only forty miles from the Finnish border while another 1,200 men and officers occupied the railhead at Rovaniem, Finland, where American "relief" supplies were transported for rail transfer from Petsamo. Mr. Hoover's agents were urged to draw the correct conclusion; and complying with Hoover's order, they carefully concealed this information from the American public—that these troops were a German "warning to Russia."

3. Hoover's Relief Fund in Finland worked through an organization known as the Suomen Huolto (Finnish Relief), set up by former Prime Minister Cajender and a group of reactionary Finnish industrialists. In 1941, on American insistence (but not Mr. Hoover's), the Finnish government appointed the "State Committee for the Distribution of Gifts" to investigate the Suomen Huolto. The published findings of this hand-picked committee, act-

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ing for a fascist government, included certain unpleasant admissions. The committee charged Suomen Huolto with failing to have its books audited for over a year. When an audit was finally made, it was "defective." Further, Suomen Huolto had mishandled American relief supplies so that much of the material rotted in warehouses. Worst of all, the goods actually disposed of by Suomen Huolto did not reach the Finnish masses. Instead, food and clothing donated by Americans were *sold in the open market for a profit!* The impoverished among the Finnish people, those for whom relief was ostensibly intended, were unable to pay the price demanded by Suomen Huolto, and therefore got no benefits from American generosity. Suomen Huolto, however, realized a nice profit from the sale of American donations, and magnanimously allotted 325,000 Finnish marks to finance a proposed book of anti-Soviet propaganda which, when, and if written was to be entitled Tuleva Paiva (Days to Come).

ON THIS revelation of gross irregularity in handling relief, *all* American relief agencies, with the single exception of Herbert Hoover's Finnish Relief Fund, severed relations with the Suomen Huolto. Mr. Hoover, for his part, continued dealing with them, and as a result, helped subsidize a favored group of Finnish industrialists.

One has only to put two and two together, to read Hoover's fascist book, *The Problems of Lasting Peace,* with its blueprint for a postwar world ruled by the worst reaction, and to go through his latest speech calling for a "conditional peace," to realize that Hoover's "humanitarianism" is today, as it was in 1914-22, first, last, and always a tawdry sham.

A few questions arise. Is Hoover using relief funds in such a way as to give comfort to Finnish propaganda in this country after the United States cracked down on such activities? Herbert Hoover owes the American people a full accounting of how he spent their funds. Why does Hoover still deal with Procope? Most of all, why has he been so secretive about his handling of Finnish relief as a whole?

Minister Schoenfeld, now returned from Helsinki to Washington to report to our government, knows a great many more details about Hoover's "relief." It would not be amiss for him to make a full public statement on this subject.

★

SPEAKING of Finland, the lady society reporter of the Scripps-Howard Washington *News* took occasion on New Year's Day to scold NEW MASSES for the magazine's dislike of appeasers and defeatists. This good lady happily pointed out that at a New Year party, privately given: "Tall, solemn Lord Halifax, British Ambassador, rubbed elbows with Finnish Minister Procope, despite the fact that their nations are at war."

What would the American press say if the American and German ambassadors to Turkey attended the same private New Year party in Ankara?

It is well to remember that of all the Axis listening posts in America, the Finnish Legation, headed by Hjalmar Procope, has proved the most valuable. Despite the *News'* society reporter, I still think it scandalous—and highly dangerous to the cause of the United Nations—for high British and American officials to "rub elbows" socially with enemy agents. Not to mention the very doubtful effect on morale.

UNDERGROUND

Exclusive

SOMEWHERE in the mountains of Austria lies a solitary farmhouse. The nearest human dwelling cannot be reached within three hours of difficult march across forests and over steep hillsides. The farmer's family living there gets few visitors. But early in October 1942 there was unusual activity at the farm. In the roomy barn forty people met—strange people: peasants, city folk, a clergyman, a bespectacled professor, a few workers. They were the delegates to the first conference of the Austrian Front of Freedom, the underground organization which fights against the Nazi regime and for a liberated Austria.

The conference held its sessions by night. On the second night the sentries posted at some distance in order to guard the conference noticed three men in uniform. They sounded the alarm, but soon the "all clear" signal followed. It turned out that the men in uniform—soldiers in one of Hitler's Austrian regiments on leave from the front, where they had been slightly wounded—were also delegates to the underground conference.

There were eleven industrial workers, a woman from an armament factory, two white collar workers, nine peasants, a physician, a university professor, two teachers, a Catholic priest, a merchant, three soldiers, and a few others—all in all forty members of various underground organizations and groups engaged in the fight for the liberation of Austria from the Nazi regime.

The conference discussed the situation in Austria. All delegates reported that the resistance of the population was growing, sabotage was increasing in the factories, and wounded soldiers were deserting. It was the unanimous opinion of the delegates that the moment of crisis of the Nazi regime was rapidly approaching. They all stressed the immense importance of the Russian people's heroic fight and agreed that a second front would weaken the Nazis to such an extent that large scale guerrilla actions would become possible in all of Central Europe. There were reports on a successful liaison with the Slovene and Croatian guerrillas in neighboring Yugoslavia, and with the Czech and Slovak underground organizations.

The conference issued a manifesto to the Austrian people. It was later distributed in leaflet form and broadcast by the secret station, *Oesterreichischer Freiheits-Sender* (Austrian Freedom Station). The manifesto read as follows:

"Be bold, Austrians! Don't suffer the Prussian yoke any longer. We do not need the Prussian gangsters. Drive them out of our beautiful Austria. The defeat of Hitler is already certain. This gives Free Austria again a chance to live. We can win back our liberty now. We have the strength if we have the will to fight. Nothing is more dangerous than cowardice and irresolution. It is time to change from passive resistance to active struggle against the Nazis. We are at war with the Hitler Prussians. Therefore we have to close our ranks. Let's build one big and invincible front of freedom. Austria to the Austrians. Forward into battle for a liberated, happy, free Austria. Death to Hitler."

The Gestapo raged. Hostages were taken and shot in Vienna, Salzburg, Wiener Neustadt, Bruck an der Mur, Steyr, Graz, and other towns. But the news of the first conference of fighters for freedom in Austria spread even to the neighboring countries. On October 30 the Hungarian Free Kossuth Station broadcast a greeting from the Hungarian underground to their Austrian brothers and gave a detailed report on the conference in the Austrian mountains. In Prague the illegal paper *V Boj* (Into Battle) carried a report of the conference, and the Slovene Guerrilla and Volunteer Army issued an order of the day greeting the "mounting wave of revolt in Austria."

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THE BRITTLE BALKANS

The Axis is having no easy time, writes Theodore Balk. "Only a spark is needed." What's happening in this part of "the soft underbelly of Europe."

Two months ago the forces of the United Nations occupied six percent of the North African coast. Today, after the landing of British and American troops in Morocco and Algeria, and the successful offensive of General Montgomery's Eighth Army, the figure has risen to seventy percent. And—who knows?—perhaps a few weeks after this article appears in print the entire North African coast will be in the hands of the United Nations.

So now the war is approaching the countries which occupy the northern rim of the Mediterranean basin. Only yesterday they were a springboard for the Axis powers. Today they are potential landing places for the United Nations' troops.

The Balkans constitute the eastern portion of these potential landing places. But the Balkans are a geographical rather than a political expression. Rumania and Bulgaria belong to the Axis. Greece, Yugoslavia, and Albania are occupied by the Axis powers. Sixteen million Yugoslavs, 5,000,000 Greeks, and 1,000,000 Albanians on this peninsula are being held in subjection by many hundreds of thousands of Bulgarian, Rumanian, Hungarian, Italian, and German bayonets.

This is the first, the most obvious cleft, in the Balkan lands.

But even the heads of government who command the men with bayonets are not in agreement. German and Italian interests clash in the Balkans—a latent source of conflict at the very heart of the Axis. Not long ago the curtain was lifted slightly and revealed one aspect of this drama. Hitler forced Dr. Pavelich, the Croatian quisling, to dismiss all pro-Italian Ministers from his Cabinet. The "independent State of Croatia," created after the collapse of Yugoslavia in Rome, with a duke of the House of Savoy as king and one of Mussolini's henchmen as *statthalter,* has now slipped out of the hands of its creator.

In North Croatia Hungary has laid hands on the purely Croatian region of Medjumurje. But this has not sated Hungary's appetite for alien territory. One of the old dreams of the Magyar revisionists has been the restoration of the Kingdom of Saint Stephen's Crown. Centuries ago the Hungarian monarch ruled over the territory of Croatia. These dreams do not smooth the way to friendship with the new Axis partner.

But the differences between Rumania and Hungary are much sharper and much more palpable. At Vienna in June 1940 Hitler awarded to Hungary a fat slice of Rumanian Transylvania. At that time he told the Rumanians: "Turn your eyes to the East! There lies Bessarabia. And behind Bessarabia is new land, rich black earth with mines and power-stations." Marshal Antonescu accepted Hitler's decision and sent hundreds of thousands of his soldiers to the East. But no matter how much cotton he stuffs in his ears, he is still deafened by the cries arising in his country. We have lost a hundred thousand in the capture of Odessa, these voices say, tens of thousands to take Sevastopol, and tens of thousands before Stalingrad and in the Caucasus. What do we care about Odessa? About Sevastopol, Stalingrad, and the Caucasus? We want our Transylvania. So the Marshal has been forced to make a speech, the main theme of which is: "We have not renounced Transylvania." The two Axis mongrels, Rumania and Hungary, would undoubtedly leap at each other's throats if their master in Berlin were not there to shout: "Be still, both of you!"

Hungary is the Third Reich's oldest partner in southeastern Europe. In return, it has received the largest share of the booty—from the Munich Agreement of 1938 to the Vienna Award of 1940 and the dismemberment of Yugoslavia. But even this friendship is not unclouded.

South of the Hungarian plain lies the fertile Banat region, between the Tisza and Danube Rivers. Budapest lays claim to this territory which was formerly Yugoslavian. But Berlin refuses to give it up. This refusal has caused dark forebodings in the Hungarian capital: Does Berlin intend to create a second German Reich in the Danube basin, with the descendants of the Suabian settlers during the reign of Maria Theresa of Austria as "master-race"? A new Eastern Kingdom *(Oester-Reich)* with the capital at Temesvar instead of Vienna? Hungary would have to relinquish to this kingdom the territories of Bacska and Baranja including the cities of Pecs and Subotica. Rumania would have to give up most of what is left to her of Transylvania, with the cities of Szegesvar (Sigisoara), Sibiu, Brasov, and Orsova. And Croatia would have the province of Syrmia. Are they to let slip so quickly all that they have won so easily in the past few years, and more?

The specter of this second German state aroused the members of the Hungarian government party. Recently they met behind closed doors in their political club and decided to question the government. No, harmony does not reign between Hitler and his most generously paid Magyar vassals.

Nor are the unresolved conflicts less acute between the junior partner of the Axis and the Balkan countries. Italy has occupied the entire Yugoslavian coastal region, from Kotor to the Quarnero. The "independent state of Croatia" failed to receive an outlet to the sea from its protector. The Adriatic became in fact *Mare Nostrum* for Italy. How did Italy justify these claims to territory which contains no Italians? By harking back to the period of the Roman empire and the Venetian republic!

Pavelich is sending thousands of Croatians to their death on the battlefields of Russia. So the Croatians ask: what have the Russians done to us? Our enemy is Italy, who has robbed us of our beautiful Dalmatian coast. Here, too, there is a deep fissure in the Balkan Axis.

Rome's relations with its oldest ally in the Balkans, Bulgaria, are also unstable. When they seized Albania, the Italian fascists occupied the western part of Macedonia. The Bulgarian government wants to know what business Mussolini has in Kichevo, Gostivar, and Tetovo. Doesn't it claim all Macedonia for itself?

Another sore point for Sofia is Salonika and East Thrace. Salonika is an old demand of the Bulgarian expansionists. But Hitler refused to hand over to the Bulgarians the great seaport on the Aegean Sea. German troops have also occupied East Thrace. Some say it is bait for Turkey in the event that country decides to throw in its lot with the Axis. Certainly it is a bone of contention.

In short, Axis relations with the Balkans are exceedingly brittle. Everywhere one finds suspicion, distrust, hardly concealed hostility, hatred, envy, and fear.

The difficulties are even more glaring when we leave the government palaces and mingle with the peoples. Then we see that the Axis, far from having deeply penetrated the forbidding soil of the Balkans, is precariously balanced on the surface of things. A glance at the press provides the picture: in Greece, starvation; in Bulgaria, death sentences; in Rumania, desertions; in Yugoslavia, guerrilla warfare.

As for Bulgaria, the sentiment of the people is so pro-Soviet that despite constant pressure from Berlin, King Boris does not dare lead his country into war against the Soviet Union. Entire regiments are dissolved because of pro-Soviet sympathies. Two thousand soldiers are shot in Sofia. Death sentences have been pronounced against former Cabinet Ministers like Colonel Koloff; against leading generals like General Zaimov; outstanding journalists like George Volkov; postal employes, workers, and peasants. Sabotage in Sofia. Sabotage in Plovdiv. Sabotage in Varna. On the railroads, in the factories, in government offices—everywhere.

Terror reigns in the regions of Greece occupied by Bulgaria. Thirty grams of bread daily. Two thousand people die of hunger every day in Athens. Corpses lie on the streets like litter. Partisans on the island of Crete; partisans in Thessalonia, Macedonia, Epirus.

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If the United Nations invade Europe they will find in the Balkans, on the northern rim of the Mediterranean: Axis domination of territory but not of peoples; starvation, mutiny, and guerrilla warfare; dissension between the Axis powers themselves; and antagonism between the Axis and its puppet rulers of some states.

Leaflets read: "We have nothing to lose. We prefer to die in struggle rather than die of hunger."

Rumania: five meatless days a week in this country which used to export quantities of meat; troop mutinies among the soldiers about to be sent to the Eastern Front; student demonstrations against Hungary; guerrilla fighters led by Ion Minulescu.

Albania: struggle of the patriots against the Italian troops garrisoned in Skappari and Perrapas; proclamation of a free Albania in the mountains; ambushes—uncertainty. . . .

Yugoslavia: the only one of the defeated nations which has arisen from defeat and again fought its enemies in full scale warfare on the battlefield. The Yugoslavs have created a new army, combining modern weapons with guerrilla tactics, strict military organization with extreme mobility. And they have won and are winning victories over the Axis armies. This partisan army has cleared more than one-fourth of the country of the invaders. A unique case, portent of things to come: an island of freedom in the midst of occupied Europe.

As I have said, the Germans, the Italians, the Hungarians, and the Bulgarians have all helped themselves to a slice of Yugoslavian territory. There remains the puppet state of Croatia and a tiny rump Serbia. Behind the Serbian quisling, Gen. Milan Nedich, there is no one. Behind Dr. Pavelich, the *statthalter* of Croatia, there are a few thousand native SS men, called *Ustachis*.

What would happen if the United Nations landed on this Balkan peninsula, now torn asunder politically and nationally? An example and a promise will suffice to answer this question. When the United Nations soldiers landed at Dieppe, the inhabitants of Belgrade thought that the second front had been opened. They came out on the streets and demonstrated. German troops went into action. There were fifty killed, 200 wounded, 2,000 arrested. That was the example.

And the promise: The High Command of the Yugoslav Partisan and Volunteer Army has made the following statement on the Free Yugoslav radio: "The conditions for opening a second front in Europe are very favorable since for more than a year now there has been a second front. This second front exists in the heart of Yugoslavia where we are carrying out guerrilla warfare without respite. By so doing, we have permanently tied down seventy Italian, seven Bulgarian, four German, and six Hungarian divisions. The United Nations already possess on the continent of Europe—in Yugoslavia—a compact, well organized army. At the prearranged moment we with our troops will be able to drive the enemy completely out of our country within forty-eight hours—from the Save and Danube rivers in the North, the Drina in the East, the Morava in the West, and the Western Morava in the South."

That offer was made before the recent events in North Africa. Today it assumes even greater weight and significance.

No doubt the men on the General Staff of the United Nations armies are studying the map of Europe for landing places on the "soft underbelly" of the continent. They are preparing on the basis of the present situation and the lessons of history. No doubt they have taken from the archives the map of the "Salonika front." In 1918 Salonika was the second front in Europe. This front extended from the Adriatic to the Aegean Sea, cutting across the Balkan mountains. On Sept. 15, 1918, the Allied armies attacked there; 180,000 Frenchmen, Englishmen, Greeks, and Serbians faced approximately the same number of German, Bulgarian, and Austro-Hungarian troops. "But numbers were not decisive," wrote the German General Hermann von Kuhl in his account of World War I. "Bulgaria was war-weary and longed for the end whatever the consequences. But it was the German defeat on the Western Front which had a crucial effect on the crumbling morale in Bulgaria, turning it into complete hopelessness. All the conquests were called into question as long as the hoped-for victory did not come. People felt that they had bet on the wrong side—and the game seemed lost. To save what there still was to save, increasing numbers of people urged the government to desert the apparently lost cause of the Central Powers."

Substitute Eastern for Western Front, Axis Powers for Central Powers, and the situation has much in common with the present.

On September 15 the Salonika offensive of General (later Marshal) Franchet d'Esperey began. Two weeks later Bulgaria capitulated. King Ferdinand fled the country. Then his son Boris mounted the throne. He followed in his father's footsteps. He too had bet on the wrong side.

What were the consequences of the Bulgarian surrender of 1918? "The collapse of our Allies was irremediably bound up with the events in Bulgaria," wrote Field Marshal von Ludendorf in his memoirs. "Now the war was lost—there was nothing else to be done."

The tiny wound on the Balkan heel of the German military colossus brought about its death. The leaders of the United Nations armed forces can read this in the annals of the first world war. Perhaps they will take this lesson to heart and set foot on the Balkan peninsula when they land on European soil.

But wherever they succeed in landing—whether in the Balkans, in Italy, in southern France or northern France, in Holland, Belgium, or in Norway—the Balkans will go up in flames. Only a spark is needed.

THEODORE BALK.

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THE JEW: 1943

William Zukerman, noted Jewish authority, tells of "the new attitude toward the Jews which has sprung up among the peoples of Europe as distinct from their rulers." What baffles the Nazis.

ANTI-SEMITISM is not a new phenomenon in the world; it is probably one of the oldest and most troublesome minor ills of Western civilization. But at no other time in the last 2,000 years has this problem, always an incidental reflection of the greater social disorders of a country, ever been made to loom so high as a major independent social problem by itself, as an international issue of world importance. In Nazi countries the Jewish problem has become the pivot upon which all other problems—social, political, economic, psychological, and religious—revolve; it is supposed to be the source of all the evils of mankind and of all the troubles of society; its solution is made the principal condition for the millennium. Even in countries outside Nazi influence, the Jewish problem has assumed aspects and proportions which transcend all reality and cannot be described otherwise than as fantastic. It is now the greatest bubble of our age.

That this is no accident is too obvious and needs no elaborate explanation now, after nine years of Nazi rule in Germany and another decade of Nazi propaganda. In this time the world has learned enough of the real nature of Nazi anti-Semitism and of its place in the Nazi scheme of things. It knows that the Nazis are using the Jewish problem not as an aim in itself, but as a means for achieving other, larger, non-Jewish aims, as an instrument for the attainment of purposes which go far beyond the Jews and their interests. In Europe, especially, where the knowledge of Nazism is at least five years ahead of that in the United States, Nazi anti-Semitism is now generally recognized for what it is: one of the greatest political frauds of the century, the cleverest piece of psychological camouflage ever concocted by ruthless men in search of power. The Nazis, who more than any other politicians have made deliberate use of psychology, early in their career realized the advantages which they could derive from the peculiar position of the Jews scattered as a small minority in most countries of the world, and they have exploited it to the full. They have used the Jews as a wedge for penetration into foreign countries, as a backdoor entrance into the consciousness of foreign peoples. They have used the Jewish problem psychologically as the Kaiser used Belgium in the last war physically—as a stepping stone to their larger aims of world domination. But in order to do that effectively they had to raise this question from its comparatively unimportant local position to a crucial place in international politics and make of it a world issue. Thus the biggest psychological inflation of the age began; the blowing up of the Nazis' anti-Semitic bubble.

It was probably natural that the Jews should be among the first psychological victims of this campaign. For it must not be forgotten that for the Jews the present Nazi war is not nearly three, but more than ten, years old, and that a war of such duration and cruelty was bound to tell on the nerves of a people. Emotionally Jews have been affected by certain aspects of Nazi propaganda more easily than a good many other people. They are more susceptible than other people to apprehensions about the growth of anti-Semitism; they are more easily swayed by the alarm which fascism has spread the world over, and they quite naturally yield with greater ease to that feeling of despair and pessimism with which fascism has succeeded in surrounding the Jewish problem.

A feeling prevails among many Jews now that their problem is one of the most difficult and complicated issues of mankind; that anti-Semitism is an inevitable and unavoidable evil which cannot be eradicated and that no people in the world can escape it. Even the democratic countries are believed to be not immune from it and it is assumed that a victory over Hitlerism on the battlefield will not do away with its dangers. A popular opinion held now by an important group of Jews is that all Gentiles are potential, if not real anti-Semites; that the entire Christian world is consumed by a "great hatred" of the Jews deeply rooted in the unconscious of all non-Jewish people. Most of the Jewish plans for the postwar period are based on the assumption that Europe and the world will, as far as the Jews are concerned, remain approximately the same even if Hitlerism is completely defeated.

CURIOUSLY, a somewhat similar pessimism about the Jewish problem prevails also among non-Jews and even among liberals and progressives. Somehow they too have become imbued with the sense of fatalism and defeatism which Nazism has spread about the future of the Jews. It has become fashionable even in advanced liberal circles to speak of anti-Semitism as of a mystical force which cannot be comprehended by ordinary reason and of the Jews as a group as a mysterious people who are not subject to the same social and psychological laws as are other national groups. Well known American liberals who expect a new heaven and new earth after the defeat of Hitlerism nevertheless subscribe to theories that the seeds of Jew-hatred sown by Nazism can, even must, sprout and grow in the United States and in other democratic countries. The most dangerous piece of Nazi propaganda—the distinction between Nazism and anti-Semitism—has found a wide acceptance among Jews and Gentiles alike in America.

An observer of Jewish life for many years cannot help detecting in all of these gloomy predictions and expectations signs of conscious or of unconscious Nazi influence—at best, a note of hysteria fostered by Nazi propaganda. That the Jewish position in Europe, and even in the world at large, is now more tragic than it has ever been in its history, is readily admitted. But the fundamental fact about this position is that most of its calamities—the terrible persecution, discrimination, mass murder, and extermination—are imposed upon it from above by an external force which does not flow from the depths of non-Jewish people but from their rulers and oppressors who tyrannize over them not less than over the Jews. An impartial review of the Jewish scene in Europe in the light of the latest events will show that in spite of Hitler, and probably because of him, anti-Semitism has never been less popular among the peoples of Europe than it now is.

The plain facts as they are seen by those who have no theories to advance is that Europe now seems to be in the midst of the greatest pro-Jewish movement that that continent has seen in a century. The Christian people of all nationalities, classes, and sections of society, their true leaders, their institutions, and particularly the Christian churches have never before revealed more friendship for, and profound interest in, the Jews than now. If the last two and a half years of anguish and suffering have done nothing else, they have advanced the Jewish problem nearer to a solution than it has ever been in its history. The Jewish question has never before been seen in a truer perspective than now—as an integral part of the social problem of the world. One of the effects of the war has been to lift the vapors of Nazi propaganda surrounding the Jewish problem and to show to the millions in Europe the close connection existing between it and their own problem. Because of this the Jewish problem has never been less of a mystery than it now is; in any event, a survey of the Jewish scene the world over in the light of the latest changes brought about by the war will show that the pessimism and despair hanging about that problem are greatly exaggerated and that it certainly is not without some hope.

THE first two and a half years of the second world war have wrought greater and profounder changes in Europe than did the whole of the first world war and many decades of normal life. As yet some of these changes are not clearly seen because they are obscured by the heavy pall of the war. But in the darkness of the worst military occupation in history, behind the heavy walls of Nazi concentration camps, forced labor camps, ghettos, and other means of Nazi tyranny, more than one silent revolution is now growing into maturity and helping to create that new world which is bound to arise when the

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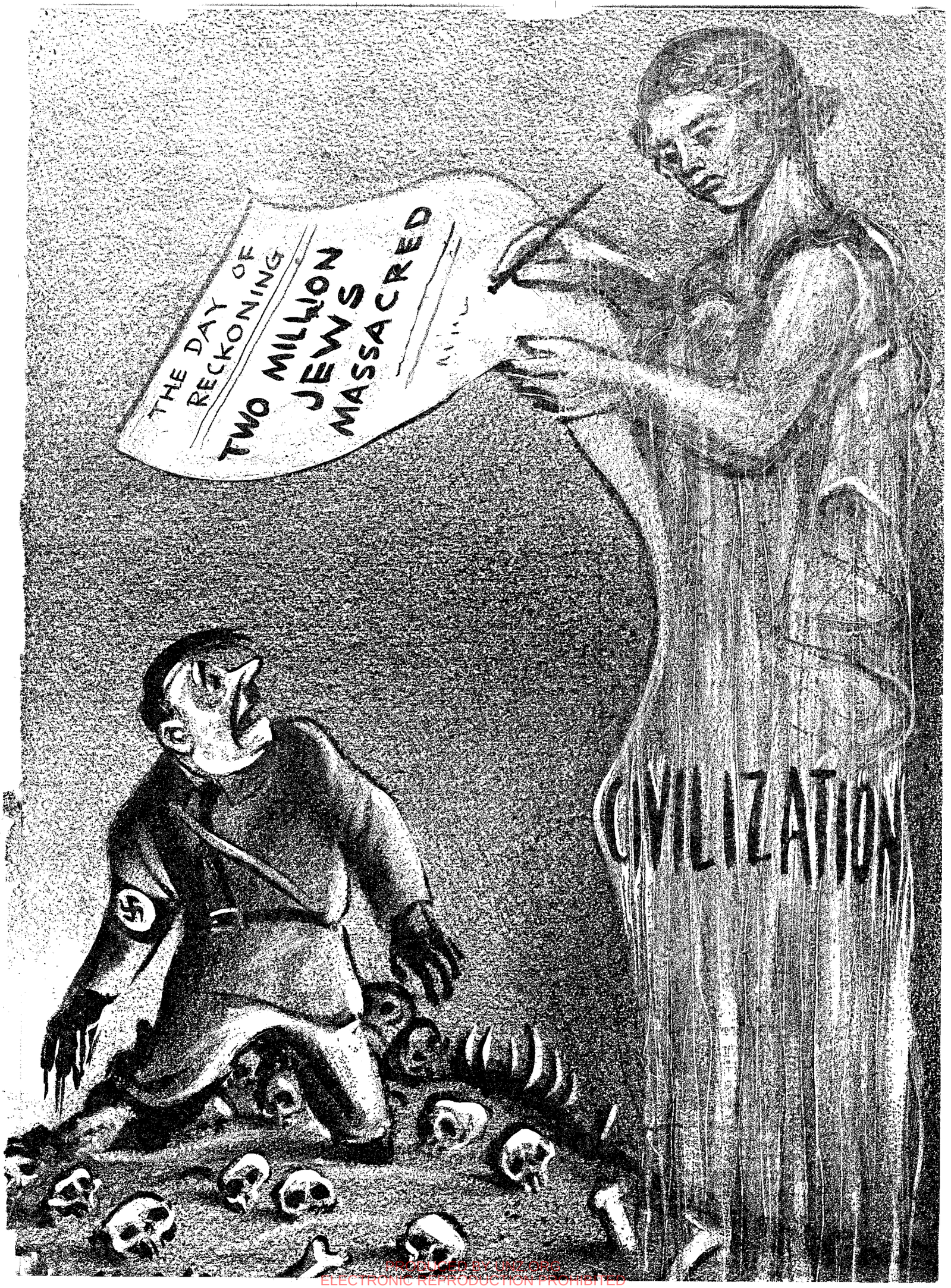

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fighting is over. Perhaps the most dramatic and symbolic of all the changes brought about in this war is the new attitude toward the Jews which has now sprung up among the peoples of Europe as distinct from their rulers. The Nazi censorship is doing everything in its power to obscure this interesting manifestation, but the Nazi press itself is daily obliged to reveal its existence and influence. It is chiefly through the complaints and threats of this press, through the bravery of the small neutral press still existing in Europe (particularly the Swedish newspapers), and through the heroism of the hundreds of the anti-Nazi newspapers and radio stations which now flourish illegally in Europe, that this remarkable manifestation emerges from the dusk of Nazi military occupation.

European observers agree that in all Nazi-occupied countries in Europe a new sympathy with and friendship for the Jews has now made its appearance among the people and is probably one of the strongest and most widespread sentiments in Europe. It baffles the Nazis and amazes even the enemies of the regime. Nothing like it has been known in Europe for decades and even generations. It would have sounded unbelievable a few years before the outbreak of this war. Never before in this and even in the previous century has there been so much good will shown to the Jews in every country under Nazi occupation as is being shown now; never has there been so much active aid given to them. From the Low Countries to Poland and from Scandinavia to the Balkans, the people are everywhere openly and secretly sabotaging primarily the anti-Jewish laws of the Nazis; they are refusing to boycott the Jews, to be segregated from them, to cooperate with the Nazis in harassing, insulting, and starving them out. Everywhere the people help the Jews obtain food, clothing, and all other articles which the Nazis forbid them to buy.

In some countries, like Norway and Holland, organized social movements exist for the sole purpose of helping the Jews to contravene the Nazi anti-Jewish laws; societies are specially formed to help Jews leave the country, to pay the collective fines which the Nazis are imposing on them, and generally to be of aid and comfort to them. Where there is no organized movement, individuals act upon their own initiative and there is the testimony of the Nazi press that the number of Gentiles who have lost their jobs, their freedom, and even their lives in efforts to help the Jews, reaches into the thousands. The movement is spontaneous, embraces all classes of people, and is permeated with a strong religious feeling. In most of the Protestant countries it is also inspired and directed by the churches. In the opinion of the best European observers there is now less anti-Jewish feeling among the peoples of Europe than has been known in three generations. Anti-Semitism as a theory is everywhere discredited, hated, and actively opposed.

In Holland the leading universities struck when the Nazis attempted to introduce separate benches for the Jewish students and courses in racialism. The professors and student bodies combined in defying the Nazis and preferred the suspension of their studies, and many of them even long terms in concentration camps, to the introduction of Nazi anti-Semitism into the schools. In Amsterdam the first open revolt against the Nazi invaders took place when the Dutch workers came out in force to defend the Jews from a Nazi pogrom. In Belgium the first attempt to introduce yellow insignia for the Jews was frustrated by the non-Jews voluntarily putting on the same insignia as a mark of sympathy. A second attempt is now being fought off with the same stubbornness. In Norway the remarkable revolt of the Protestant and Lutheran clergy against the Nazi invaders began as an open protest in all the churches against the introduction of the anti-Jewish laws into the country. The signal for the revolt was the pastoral letter by Bishop Eivand Berggrav, the head of the Protestant and Lutheran Churches of Norway, which is probably the strongest document against anti-Semitism ever produced in Nazi Europe. In that country too, the first illegal organization of leading citizens was formed with the sole purpose of counter-acting the special Nazi persecution of the Jews. Otto Nansen, the son of the famous explorer and humanitarian, is now in a Norwegian concentration camp for starting that movement.

In Denmark King Christian threatened to abdicate the throne if the Nazis introduced the anti-Jewish laws into the country against the will of Parliament, and the entire country supported the king. In former Czechoslovakia the struggle of the people against the anti-Jewish laws of the Nazis has been so persistent and so effective that after three years of threats and appeals for cooperation, the Nazi "Protectorate" has come to the conclusion that the entire Jewish population of Czechoslovakia—90,000 men, women, and children—must be interned in a concentration camp. In no other way could the non-Jewish population be prevented from helping and showing friendship to the Jews.

Incidentally, this is admitted by the Nazis to be the chief reason for the introduction of Jewish ghettos in all Nazi-occupied countries. These have become necessary in order to keep the non-Jews from fraternizing with the Jews and from breaking the anti-Jewish laws. The ghettos are a result of the Gentile opposition to the Nazi fight against the Jews; it is a move in the silent struggle which is now raging against Nazism in every country in Europe. The most remarkable manifestation of that struggle is taking place in Poland. That country which, before the war, was the hotbed of anti-Semitism in Europe, is now leading the movement for friendship with the Jews. More Poles have been executed by the Nazis for helping Jews obtain food and to escape from the ghettos than the people of any other nationality. Acute Polish observers claim that not in a hundred years has there been a greater friendship between Jews and Poles than there is now. Even in the Third Reich itself the tide of friendship for the Jews is rising to higher levels than it has ever reached before. There is the almost daily testimony of the Nazi press to acts of kindness, courtesy, and direct help to Jews on the part of Germans. In the opinion of the people who know Germany well, there would not have been a single Jew left alive in the Third Reich now, if not for the persistent and secret aid which they get from non-Nazi Germans.

This remarkable change which the war has brought in Europe is partly due to the psychological reaction to the savage propaganda by word and deed which the Nazis have been conducting against the Jews for more than fifteen years and which has reached its culmination in the present war. There is a limit to the amount of propaganda which human nerves, if not the heart, can stand. After a decade of hysterical reiterations, vulgarities, and brutalities, people in Germany and in other countries of Europe became tired and weary of the Nazi hue and cry about the Jews and became ripe for a revulsion against the anti-Semitism even before the outbreak of this war. The war has introduced a new and stronger force to hasten the process. Ever since their beginnings the Nazis have so closely identified their theory and action with hatred and persecution of the Jews that in the minds of the average people in Europe the Nazi regime and anti-Semitism have become one and the same thing. The Nazis themselves have made it so by always putting the Jews in the first line of their attack, by raising Jew-hatred as the banner, emblem, and symbol of their regime. For nearly two decades Nazism has challenged the world to battle on anti-Semitic grounds. Now the world has accepted the challenge. To the many other reasons, psychological, moral, and religious, which the people of Europe had for their reaction against Nazi anti-Semitism, has now been added another one, the most powerful reason of all, a political conviction that the destruction of Nazism necessitates the destruction of anti-Semitism.

This is why the revolt against Nazism in Europe is taking the form of a fight against anti-Semitism. This is why anti-Semitism is now more discredited and hated on the European continent than it has been in generations and why Jew-hatred as a movement will in all probability remain the deadest issue for decades after the war. If nothing else, its long association with Nazism will make it so. The democratic world is now more unified in thought and in action than it has ever been before, and an important change in one part of it must affect also the other. It is therefore safe to assume that the state of mind in Europe will extend to the rest of the world, particularly to the United States, which has reasons of its own for waging war on racial prejudice and hatred and for wanting to banish nationalist separatism from social life.

William Zukerman.

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WHAT HAVE WE DONE?

WE ARE all, to some extent, guilty of Nazism. The statement may be refined and qualified but it remains as true as gravity.

We have all, to some degree, aided Hitler.

The indictment may seem fantastic but it is as certain as death.

Be not too eager to reject, for if it is so and you retreat, there can be no cure. Be not too scornful in your recoil, for Hitler's strength is an incredible, too sinister and subtle to be always recognized by our minds even when it is polluting them. Be not too incredulous, for Nazism is based on each man's despair, on each man's private ugliness, on the bitterness of all his hurt from living. But we must be cleansed of the ills that mar us, for if we are not, we remain Hitler's instruments, however passive, however unwilling, however unconscious.

I do not mean to be mysterious. I am speaking of the fact that nearly 2,000,000 Jews have been tortured to death by Hitler in Europe and that we, all of us, have accepted it almost as quietly as if it were the normal way of life. It is almost as if we had accepted Hitler's thesis that Jews *are* different—and if we mentally reject this thesis but do not *speak,* do not *act,* does not our silence make us accessories? When 200 people in the village of Lidice were done to death, newspapers thundered, the radio roared, the Office of War Information held special ceremonies, American towns were renamed after the martyred village of Czechoslovakia, indignation meetings were held, and there were few so callous that they did not speak out, even if it were only to a friend. Which is as it should be. But yesterday more than 50,000 Jews were slaughtered in Europe. Do you hear any sound today? Are there any radio programs, any editorials, any sermons? Tomorrow more than 50,000 helpless people will be murdered, after unspeakable tortures, and the silence in Berlin will be scarcely louder than the silence in Washington. There was no such silence when Rotterdam was bombed, yet the Jews have suffered a hundred Rotterdams, have experienced a thousand Lidices. *Every day,* according to a recent announcement of the State Department, more Jews are slaughtered by the Nazis in Europe than the total of all those killed in Britain by bombs during the entire year of 1940, the worst year of the air blitz.

But following this announcement there was only silence, silence so loud that a Nazi might have thought that killing Czechs was one thing but killing Jews quite another.

I HAVE said that all of us, to some degree, are guilty of Nazism. I have said that all of us, to some extent, have aided Hitler. Perhaps I have been too presumptuous. After all *you* are the one to make the diagnosis. If you are a Jew you might ask yourself if there ever has been a time when you have cried, "We *are* different! There is some curse upon us. Christians do hate us. They always have and always will!" To the degree this cry of pain becomes a conviction, you are, I submit, unwillingly aiding Hitler. It is *his* contention that there is something inherently alien about the Jewish race; it is his purpose to so degrade and distract the world that even the Jews will admit his lie; it is his falsehood that persecution is inevitable in the order of things. Whereas it is the truth, which science and history in the fullness of time will more thoroughly document, that the Jews have never been persecuted anywhere, any time, any place, save as other people were induced to do it by those who hoped to gain through the persecutions.

If you are not a Jew, yet take exception to my statement that you have aided Hitler, you, too, might ask yourself some questions. Are you certain that the ugly germ, deliberately nurtured and propagated, has not touched you? Are you certain that you are not one who verbally and formally declares for tolerance but secretly and covertly suffers from the little, sudden streaks of meanness which for that one instant make you kin with every fascist breathing? We cannot sneakingly luxuriate in our weaknesses these days, we cannot relax into the soft prejudice that may have once been a couch, for Hitler has taken our prejudices from us and is using them as a weapon against us.

NOW more than ever we are one race and that race is man. Now more than ever we have but one home and that home is the earth.

Now more than ever before one act anywhere affects all actions everywhere.

On Thanksgiving Day seven thousand men, women, and children were tortured and slain by the Nazis in Warsaw.

And in America there was silence.

Air bubbles are injected into the veins of tens of thousands of Jews and they die agonizing deaths.

And in America there is silence.

Men, women, and children are packed into air-tight chambers and there slain by poison gas. It happened yesterday. It will happen tomorrow.

And in America there is silence. It must be broken! For the thick and heavy silence is paralysis that holds while danger threatens our own national life. Must we repeat again the now ancient theorems? That injury to one is but the precursor of death to all? That the fate of the Jews, unless we protest, is our fate? That this war is a people's war and cannot be won unless we fight it as one? That the peoples of Europe, of Asia, of Africa hear our silence and judge us accordingly?

It is true, I say, that until we protest we are all, to some extent, guilty of Nazism. It is true, I repeat, that until we ask the President to appoint a commission to judge the Nazis for these crimes, we have all, to some degree, aided Hitler. Until writers write against this butchery, until preachers speak against it, until teachers reveal its menace, until men everywhere break the silence, this nation is in danger. And until the second front joins with the Soviet front to crush Nazism, we are giving Hitler a free hand to wreak his will on the Jews and all the conquered peoples. For this silence is more than indifference to the fate of a minority. It is symptomatic of our national thought, and to the degree that thought coincides with Hitler's, however unconsciously, to that degree we are threatened with defeat.

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THESE ARE OUR SOLDIERS

"Let us thank God," President Roosevelt said, "for men like these." Alvah Bessie tells the story of Pilot John Smolinsky, the streetcleaner's son. Men like Herman Boettcher, and Bob Thompson. And don't overlook Helen Hennessey. . . .

On Ninth Street in New York City, within sight of the East River, lives John Smolinsky. This district is on the fringe of the slums; here dwell some of the poorest people in America. The houses are ancient and ramshackle. The hallways are unlit, uncarpeted. There are no door bells. When you're looking for somebody, you grope your way up the dark stairs and knock on the unnumbered apartments.

A door opens. This is the man you're looking for. He's about fifty years old, has a pleasant round face and white hair. He's a streetcleaner. There's nothing remarkable about him. His home is threadbare; you sit in the kitchen with him. His wife is lying down; she doesn't feel well. There is a sink, a kitchen table, wood stove, two straight chairs, a radio.

On the walls there are the usual decorations of the poor—a few colored calendars. There are also two enlarged photographs. One in an oval frame shows three young children; a girl and two boys. The little girl holds an American flag. The other enlargement shows a smiling young man wearing the helmet and goggles of a pilot. That is Mr. Smolinsky's son Frank. For John Smolinsky, New York streetcleaner, is the father of an American hero.

"I don't know," he says. "The papers said he did it. I saw it in the papers; but I don't know. You think he did it?"

"I think he did," I said.

"I don't know," said Smolinsky. "All the reporters were here. They asked questions. One of them took a picture of the boy; he didn't give it back yet." Mr. Smolinsky smiled. "That was a good airplane he shot down, one of the best the Nazis got, Focke-Wulf 190, that's a goood airplane."

The story of John Smolinsky is the story of millions like him. America hasn't done too well by him. In 1914 he came from Lvov in the Ukraine. "I come in 1914," he told me. "I got married in 1915." He laughed. "Then I slave myself to death," he said. "This boy," he nodded at the photograph on the wall, "he was born in Buffalo. Then we come here. He goes to school here, PS 15; he goes to Stuyvesant High School; he goes to college—night college at Cooper Union—to study engineering."

"What did he do in the daytime?"

"He was shipping clerk three years in the daytime; three years at night to college. Always he was crazy about airplanes. I no have money to buy him airplane; I no have money to buy him lessons. He was drafted in army; first draft. First he try to join Army Air Corps; they tell him no; something is wrong with his nose. He say, 'I go to the hospital, get it fixed.' I say, 'What for?' He say, 'Pop, you want I should be nobody? You want I should be bum?' I say, 'No, *I'm* bum; you must not be.' So he get his nose fixed, but by this time he was drafted in 34th Infantry. Then they tell him he passed in air corps, and he is transferred. Then for some reason he failed in air corps."

Frank Smolinsky then enlisted in the Royal Canadian Air Force; they accepted him. He was trained in Tulsa, Okla.; then in Canada; then in England. He joined the Eagle Squadron there, was transferred into the United States Army Air Corps on September 8. Not long ago the wires from London burned with his story. Twenty-three-year-old Frank Smolinsky, PS 15 boy, Stuyvesant High boy, shipping clerk, son of a Ukrainian streetcleaner who didn't want him to be a nobody, flew his pursuit ship over the coast of Holland recently and shot down a Nazi Focke-Wulf 190. "A good airplane," said his father with a smile. "So he get in Army Air Corps after all."

John Smolinsky is proud. Nothing ever happened to *him*. He "slaved to death." He raised three children; a girl who married, another boy who's a welder in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, a son who flies on wings over Nazi-held Holland and shoots the enemy out of the sky. "Always he was crazy about airplanes; always we got six, seven little models under the bed."

The story is the same wherever you look. This war is producing heroes and heroines like crops of mushrooms; they pop up in "unlikely places." They pop up daily. American heroes and heroines, like the Soviet heroes and heroines. American heroines like Pavlichenko and heroes like the numberless Soviet men dying every moment on the long Eastern Front, together or alone; dying because they know it may be necessary to die; willing to give that much for the liberation of their country.

Over Rabat, in Morocco, an unidentified American pilot whose plane is in distress scorns to use his parachute and deliberately guides his failing ship out from over the populated section of this alien town, so that lives other than his own will be saved.

In the middle of the Pacific, a Negro sailor named French swims for hours, towing his torpedoed white companions behind him on a raft. "Don't worry," he says, "I'm a powerful swimmer."

Twenty-five-year-old Edwin Cheney of Yeadon, Pa., tanker quartermaster aboard the *SS John D. Gill,* receives the first Merchant Marine Distinguished Service Medal from the hands of his President, Franklin Roosevelt. What did he do? Torpedoed, he released a life raft, dived overboard into a sea of flaming oil, swam under water to guide the raft to clear water, and helped to save the lives of four comrades. Though badly burned, he dived into the roaring furnace again to bring two injured comrades to the raft.

Lt. John James Powers, pilot of a navy dive bomber in the battle of Coral Sea, speaks to his companions in the ready-room of an aircraft carrier. "Remember, the folks back home are counting on us. I am going to get a hit if I have to lay it on their flight deck." Then he led his section down onto the Japanese target from 18,000 feet, through anti-aircraft fire and enemy planes, diving almost to the deck of the enemy carrier. He was last seen attempting to recover from his dive at 200 feet; he was destroyed with his plane in the explosion of his own bomb.

Maj. David R. Gibbs was posthumously awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. During an hour and a half of intensive bombing and strafing of Clark Field in the Philippines, Major Gibbs proceeded calmly on foot to the dispersed positions of his flying squadron. There was no opportunity to take cover. So he supervised the protection of his equipment and the men of his ground crew who were under fire for the first time in their lives. He saved their lives and lost his own.

Helen Hennessey, an army nurse on Bataan, is commended for her devotion to the wounded men of our forces, despite lack of sleep and constant bombing of her hospital and first aid post.

Carmen Maria Quinones, stewardess, is cited for her heroism aboard the torpedoed *San Jacinto.*

Maj. Gen. Mark Clark, high ranking American commander,

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risks his life to establish contact with sympathetic elements in Algeria, three weeks before our troops invaded the African continent. He wires his wife to send him a new pair of pants. "I lost my trousers," his wire said, "but honorably."

Merchant seaman John Caldas, bos'n of a torpedoed ship, single-handed sails a lifeboat containing fifteen men, two women, and a child through burning wreckage, 100 miles toward land. Picked up exhausted, he insisted on guiding the rescuing destroyer back to the scene of the sinking to pick up the occupants of five other lifeboats. The commander of the destroyer says: "You're a great sailor, John Caldas. I'd like to have a man like you aboard every ship in the US Navy."

Rear Adm. Daniel J. Callaghan, commanding a task force of naval vessels in the Solomons, was aboard the cruiser *San Francisco*. "The *San Francisco* sailed right in to the enemy fleet—right through the whole enemy fleet—her guns blazing. She engaged and hit three enemy vessels, sinking one of them. At point-blank range she engaged an enemy battleship—heavily her superior in size and firepower. She silenced this battleship's big guns and so disabled her that she could be sunk by torpedoes from our destroyers and aircraft."

That is the President speaking. Listen to him: "The *San Francisco* herself was hit many times. Admiral Callaghan, my close personal friend, and many of his gallant officers and men gave their lives in this battle." The bridge of the *San Francisco* was blown from under Admiral Callaghan by high explosive shells.

Our heroes are manifold. They are the close personal friends of the President; they are the Irish boy Colin Kelly and his Jewish bombardier Meyer Levin. They are the Negro boy Dorie Miller and the Negro boy French, "a powerful swimmer." They are the commanders of PT "eggshells" who consider themselves "expendable"; they are former shipping clerks, office boys, nurses, union organizers, Communists, coal miners, West Pointers, delivery boys, people listed in the Social Register. Their names are O'Hare and Bulkley, Wheless and Devereux, Miller, Gibbs, Hennessey, Cheney, Powers, Levin, Hawes and French, Quinones, John J. Smith and Bill Caves, Caldas and—Smolinsky.

They are of all ages. They are of all classes. Of all professions, backgrounds, aspirations. And they have a common denominator. What could it be? Sure, they're all Americans. Sure, they're all patriots. What did John Smolinsky, street-cleaner, say about it?

"Always he was crazy about airplanes. Always he wanted to be somebody; pushing himself ahead. I didn't want to hold him back. I thought maybe he would not like it, would be sorry afterwards. 'Pop, you want I should be bum?' he said, 'You want I should be nobody?'"

That's one way of putting it. Disparate backgrounds, disparate aspirations, common interests. A man does not dive a burning plane down the stack of an enemy battleship to make a pretty picture for a newsreel cameraman. A man does not swim through shark-infested waters towing a raft full of men to establish a long-distance swimming record. No man—no woman—risks his life in battle to be known forever after as a hero.

WITHIN the past few weeks other heroes have come to light —specifically two men whose early training in the art of hating fascism made it inevitable that they would distinguish themselves. One is Sergt. Herman Boettcher of San Francisco. One is Sergt. Robert Thompson of Ohio. Both were members of the International Brigade; both demonstrated that the soldiers of the Spanish republic are among the most reliable we have on our side.

On the beach at Buna, Herman Boettcher, German-American, led his squad into the attack. With no thought for his own safety he personally demolished four Japanese machine gun nests, sustaining several wounds. Despite his wounds he refused to leave the lines and his squad beat off six Japanese counter-attacks by troops that vastly outnumbered them. Boettcher has been cited for decorations by his superior officers, recommended for a commission.

Sergt. Bob Thompson—when he fought in Spain

Again at Buna in New Guinea, Bob Thompson, who was once commander of the Mackenzie-Papineau battalion in Spain, distinguished himself in action against the Japanese. Frank Hewlett, correspondent of United Press, interviewed Thompson after the battle. "He said he went into the Spanish war because he hated fascism. I asked him what his peacetime occupation was. 'Maybe you won't believe me,' he said, 'but I was an organizer for the Young Communist League in Ohio.' I heard about Thompson first from the general commanding this sector who knew of his daring leadership and fighting qualities," wrote Hewlett.

These two men alone have dispelled the vile slander that has always been leveled against the Spanish veterans by the fascist-minded of the world. And when their other comrades—hundreds of them—get into action again on the battle fronts of the world, people will begin to understand the meaning of Spain and how it could have given democracy such splendid fighters.

Common interest—and common understanding. Interest in victory; understanding of the necessity for victory. This is what these men and women have in common, whether they are "crazy for airplanes," want to sail ships, nurse wounded men, or merely live to return to their loved ones. This awareness is expressed in many ways. Sometimes someone will say, "Come on, you bastards, do you want to live forever?" Sometimes he will say, "Remember, the folks back home are counting on us—", sometimes he will say, "Don't worry, I'm a powerful swimmer."

Yes, the folks back home are counting on them. Listen to what the President had to say: "But there are no citations, no medals, which carry with them such high honor as that accorded to fighting men by the respect of their comrades-in-arms."

He said something else, too. "Let us thank God for such men as these. May our nation continue to be worthy of them, throughout this war, and forever."

John Smolinsky would agree to that.

ALVAH BESSIE.

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THE CONSCIENCE OF DR. LOWELL

The president-emeritus of Harvard went to his death uneasy at his role in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Judge Michael H. Musmanno describes his visit. "It almost seemed as if the men were not yet executed. . . ."

The death of Abbott Lawrence Lowell, former president of Harvard University, brings back into the spotlight, if only for a day, a man who will be remembered always by the people of the world as one who played so large a role in sending two innocent working men to death—Sacco and Vanzetti. It was Lowell who headed the three-man commission appointed by Governor Fuller of Massachusetts to review the evidence in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Despite the glaring character of the frameup, the commission unanimously declared that the two immigrant workers had been fairly tried and recommended that their conviction stand. We read many of the obituaries of Lowell in the press, but we found none so fitting as one written four years before his death. It is in the form of an interview with the subject himself, contained in Michael H. Musmanno's book After Twelve Years *(Alfred A. Knopf, publishers), which tells the full shameful story of the crime committed in the name of "justice." The author is judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the state of Pennsylvania. His interview with Lowell is here printed by permission of the publishers.*

FROM Boston I drove to Cotuit, where Abbott Lawrence Lowell has a summer home on the sea. I desired to learn whether time had mellowed him and tempered the severe and intolerant judgment he had visited on Sacco and Vanzetti over a decade ago. When I asked him if he still believed Sacco and Vanzetti guilty, he replied explosively: "Why, of course, they were guilty. There has been no new evidence discovered since we rendered our report, and there is no reason to change my opinion. Those men were guilty, and any impartial man reading the evidence would know they were guilty."

I had feared I would be dismissed as soon as I mentioned Sacco and Vanzetti, but I was astonished to find how eagerly he spoke on the subject. Perhaps the case had been much on his mind during the eleven years, but no one had dared to talk about it in his presence for fear of offending him. My question apparently served to break the dike.

For two hours he talked emphatically, and furiously. He strode up and down the room, he made sweeping gestures, he pantomimed, mimicked, and shot shafts of scorn at the defendants, and those who represented them. It almost seemed as if Sacco and Vanzetti were not yet executed, and that we were still fighting to save them from the fate to which Lowell and Fuller doomed them.

The errors in recalling testimony, the perverse reasoning, the distortion of facts, the prejudice of class and race, so apparent in Lowell's attitude and report of eleven years before, were still with him.

He was firmly of the opinion that the same individuals had committed both the Bridgewater and the South Braintree crimes. I asked him whether he believed Sacco had participated in the Bridgewater crime, and he replied: "Of course he did." I explained that Sacco was not even indicted for the Bridgewater hold-up, and he said: "Well, the reason for that is that Vanzetti was the only man identified at Bridgewater; the others were in the car."

I pointed out that Sacco was proved to be at work on that day and for that reason was not charged with the Bridgewater offense, but he made no retraction.

He was of the impression, and vehemently declared it, that the four men (Boda, Orciani, Sacco, and Vanzetti) who called for the Overland car on the night of May 5 were all bandits because it was a Wednesday night, and the next day was pay day at the shoe factories. "They were getting ready to pull another job the next day," he explained.

Yet Katzmann [district attorney who prosecuted the case] had declared before the Lowell Commission itself that he never charged that the men were seeking the Overland car for the purpose of engaging in any banditry.

Lowell seemed to have a particular aversion for Vanzetti and, after years to reflect on the record, still insisted that Vanzetti had been arrested twice and was an established bandit prior to the South Braintree crime. I suggested that there was no legal proof that Vanzetti participated in the South Braintree crime and pointed out that the only witness (Levangie) who claimed to have seen Vanzetti at the scene of the murder placed him in the driver's seat of the bandit car, whereas all the other witnesses described another person as the driver. Lowell bridled at this and leaped spiritedly to Levangie's defense.

"Well, Levangie made a mistake in placing Vanzetti in the front seat," he exclaimed. "The important thing, however, was that Levangie saw Vanzetti in the car and there is no doubt that Vanzetti was seated in the back seat and he leaned forward and Levangie thought he was in the front seat."

This was all voluntary assumption on the part of Mr. Lowell, because there was no evidence in the record to support such reasoning.

At this point Mr. Lowell began to act strangely. I feared he had become ill. He covered his face with both hands, exposing only his eyes.

Still holding his hands over his face he asked me:

"What kind of a mustache do I have?"

I replied: "You have a full and luxuria mustache; its color is white; it is rather lo has well shaped curves at the end, and what I would term a good-looking mustache

Still concealing his features he now asked "Do I have a goatee?"

"No."

"Have I any hair on my chin?"

This also drew a negative from me.

He now lowered his hands and said: "Car you describe the furniture behind your chair?"

"No."

"See there! See there!" he excitedly declared. "That proves my point. You can re member the main things, but you can't recall the accessories."

What was the meaning of this odd performance? My interpretation of it is tha Mr. Lowell thought I might make som glaring error in describing his mustache, an in this way I would justify his reasoning on the Levangie error. When, however, I gave a rather accurate description of the mustache he seized upon the other question, which seemed rather pointless, as it could not be expected I should remember the details furniture I had not seen.

I RECALLED the Bosco-Guadagni incident to Mr. Lowell. I did it with some trepidation because he had been hammered rather hard on it in the newspapers. He did not, however, dodge the subject; in fact, not once did he attempt to avoid any particular pha of the case I called to his attention. If any thing was established conclusively during the Lowell Commission hearing it was tha Lowell had blundered in accusing Bosco and Guadagni of lying. I was amazed now, eleven years later, to hear him say that he was righ in that incident; that there were not tw banquets after all; that there was only on banquet—the other affair was a lunch! When I called his attention to the fact that the files of *La Notizia* specifically referred to the incident of April 15 as a "banquetta" he said: "Oh yes, I know they called it a 'banquetta,' but it was really only a lunch!"

I asked him what he thought of the tes timony of the chief of police of South Braintree, who had told the Commission that it was he who had made the hole in the cap alleged to have been found at the scene of the murder. With a rapid fluttering move ment of the hand, as if waving away trifles, he said: "Oh, we didn't attach any significance to that."

I replied that it was strange they shouldn't attach importance to a piece of evidence

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which was considered so damaging to Sacco during the trial. If it was important then, why wouldn't it be much more important when it was later established that the hole had not been made by the nail at Sacco's workshop, but by a chief of police?

Lowell ignored this and went on to say that the bandit cap did fit Sacco! "Why," he emphasized, "do you know that when Sacco was on the witness stand he tried to deny he owned the cap, and when the District Attorney asked him to try it on, Sacco squirmed and twisted his head so as to prevent the cap from being fitted to his head?"

As he said this, Mr. Lowell simulated the movements of one attempting to avoid being fitted with a cap. He twisted his shoulders and neck, ducked his head, grimaced, and pantomimed. But the contortions Lowell supposedly mimicked were not in the record.

I asked whether he believed Miss Splaine, who had identified Sacco at seventy feet. He answered that she was not seventy feet away. When I offered to prove this to him from the record, he said: "Well, seventy feet isn't far."

I questioned him about the Madeiros confession. He said: "We didn't believe it; we interviewed Madeiros and we could get nothing out of him to show he really knew the details of the crime. The only thing he got right was that in the escape the car came up an ascending grade."

I said: "Well, that was some evidence wasn't it, that he was there?"

He replied: "Oh no, that was only [illegible]."

If Madeiros erred in his recollection, he was lying; if he correctly recalled incidents of the crime, he was guessing. That was Lowell's appraisal of the Madeiros confession, which had been supported by fifty affidavits. I then asked Lowell: "Well, Mr. President, if you didn't believe Madeiros, what motive do you suppose he had in making the confession?"

"Oh," Lowell replied, "he had no motive other than that of general mischief."

And thus it went on for two hours. It was painful to listen to this man renowned for his high position distort and misquote testimony, quibble and equivocate over serious evidence, and boldly relate how he had given no importance to certain matters bearing on the innocence of two lives which had been placed in his custody for adjudication.

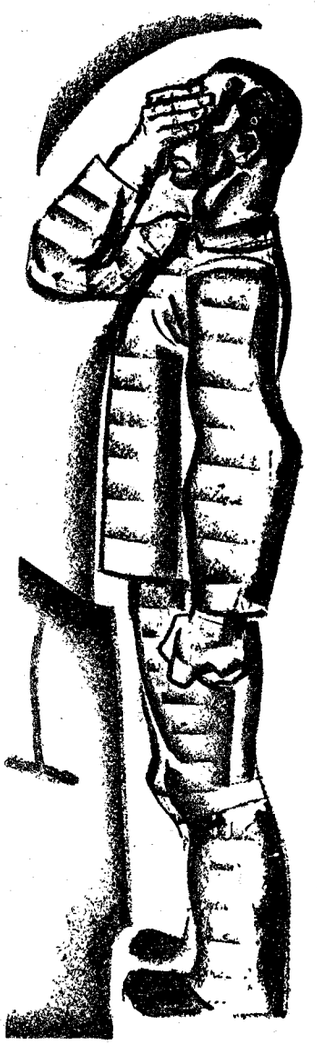
Many had placed implicit confidence in the intellectual and moral integrity of President Lowell. Governor Fuller stated before the execution that if the decision of the Lowell Commission had not been unanimous he would have commuted the death sentence to life imprisonment, and Sacco and Vanzetti would be alive today. But Lowell could not or would not believe the evidence presented [illegible] defense, and the gates of an immutable judgment slammed.

I was sick at heart as I reached for my hat to leave the Lowell house. Before returning to the automobile I stopped to breathe deeply of the freshening winds from the sea which lapped at the front door of Mr. Lowell's home. It was the same sea of which Vanzetti had fervently exclaimed: "Oh, that sea, that sky, those freed and full of life winds of Cape Cod! Maybe I will never see, never breathe, never be at one with them again!"

As I lifted my eyes to the dim outline of a sail on the horizon, I thought of the ship on which Miss Luigia Vanzetti had returned to her homeland after her visit to Boston in the effort to save her brother. When she left Villa Valletto her father had said: "Luigia, when you return be sure to bring Barto back with you."

And now, her mission ended, she stood on the deck of the returning ship. Her eyes fell upon the same sea. An enigmatic expression flitted across her face. She had hearkened to the paternal demand, she had obeyed her father. She was taking Barto back with her —in a copper cylinder.

MICHAEL H. MUSMANNO.



These drawings by Hugo Gellert, titled "Sacco and Vanzetti—They Must Not Die" and "They Must Be Freed," first appeared in NEW MASSES of December 1926.

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TOWARD ANOTHER GERMANY

More on the controversy over the distinctions between the German people and their Nazi rulers. The responsibilities of anti-fascists within the Third Reich.

I HAVE received a number of stimulating letters dealing with the views set forth in a recent column on "Is There Another Germany?" (NEW MASSES, Nov. 24, 1942). In this column, it may be recalled, I took issue with those who deny that it is either possible or desirable to distinguish in any basic respect between the German people and the Nazi tyranny. I stated my conviction that to identify Hitler completely with the German nation, by treating him as a kind of "natural" or "ideal" expression of a hypothetical German soul, was to support his most insidious lie. This column emphasized that the enduring interests of the German nation, as of all other nations, are completely opposed to the interests of the Hitlerite state; that this opposition expresses in its most naked and horrible form a long historic conflict between progress and reaction in Germany, a conflict which at every crucial stage was tragically, though only temporarily, resolved by a victory of the anti-democratic forces; and that the German people today are at a great historic crossroads which leads either to new depths of national degradation, via the prolonged existence of fascism, or to the long-postponed realization of a healthy, democratic state through unremitting struggle against fascism.

Few of my correspondents express outright disagreement with this general view, but several have reservations regarding its formulations or its specific implications. One reader says: "You speak as if we can look forward to substantial help from the Germans themselves in getting rid of Hitler and his bloody gang on top; but you were apparently at a loss to produce a single shred of evidence. What assurances do we have? Aren't we kidding ourselves—and perhaps endangering our victory—if we continue to make distinctions that have disappeared in real life? After reading a number of newspaper accounts, my impression is that the Russians have abandoned these distinctions. And they ought to know, they've had a lot of experience with those birds, more than the rest of us combined." Another reader: "A year or two ago I would have agreed with you in principle. The facts of the war, however, have shown that the vast majority of Germans are just as guilty as Hitler himself. You would not absolve them, would you? They are accomplices in the crime, right up to the hilt." And a third: "You don't take into account the degree to which the German youth have been corrupted. When we have defeated the Nazis, we shall probably need an Allied army in there for some time to keep a whole generation under control and set up a whole new apparatus against the poison that has infected German life."

These are serious questions concerning a problem that is bothering many people. In the past few weeks, several books on this problem, including Dorothy Thompson's *Listen, Hans* and Thomas Mann's *Listen, Germany,* have appeared. The newspaper *PM* has featured a symposium on the future of Germany by a number of public figures ranging from such staunch anti-fascists as Albert Einstein and the late Franz Boas to a fascist-minded thinker like Prof. Earnest Hooton of Harvard and a "left" defeatist like Norman Thomas—incidentally, this "all-inclusive" symposium excluded any Communist spokesman. And the *Nation* has been running a symposium on a related question to which a number of German emigres are contributing their views.

I CANNOT pretend to have a conclusive answer for every problem raised by these letters, books, and symposia. But I would like to clarify and possibly to deepen my original statement of the case for "the other Germany" by answering a number of specific questions that recur most frequently in all these discussions. The reader will pardon me if I assume the guise of a *PM* reporter and interview myself.

Question: Is there any evidence that the movement against Hitler *inside* Germany is growing?

Answer: There is. Howard K. Smith, in his *Last Train from Berlin,* reports that this movement was given new life and purpose by the Red Army blows against Germany's military machine. This was in the fall of 1941. If Smith's observation was correct, we should expect increased opposition to the regime wit the recent successes of the Soviet offensive.

It is therefore interesting to note that o Jan. 2, 1943, the *Daily Worker* printed a Intercontinent News dispatch from Genev giving details of an illegal national peace con ference held at the beginning of last month i a Rhineland city in Germany: "Among th delegates were representatives of various po litical parties and groups functioning illegall throughout Germany. Delegates included Catholic priest, a Reichswehr captain who in troduced himself as a member of the Germa National Party, and representatives of th Communists and Social Democrats. Importan sectors of the German working class, includ ing the railwaymen and metal workers, wer represented." The dispatch points out tha opposition members of the National Socialis Party were present. It concludes that "Th composition of the conference and the fac that despite the Gestapo terror the conferenc had taken place successfully, show that it i not a case of isolated groups but a movemen which apparently is backed by the people.' [Since this article was written, the full tex of a manifesto issued by the conference ha appeared. See *The Worker,* January 10.]

There are other interesting clues. In a broadcast from Moscow last month, a leading anti-fascist, Ernst Fischer, reminded his listeners in Germany that the number of Nazi death sentences—officially announced—against the opponents of the regime was growing from day to day: "Why are the Nazi 'fuehrers' more and more frequently uttering threats against those 'who cannot be converted' and who are raising their heads in every field of life in Germany? Goebbels recently said that underground Germany is numerically weak, only one per thousand; but it is a known fact that the figures given out by the Reichsminister of Lies must be multiplied by ten to be closer to the truth."

Last week a dispatch to the New York *Times* from its correspondent in Stockholm noted the "apathy" with which increasing numbers of German workers are turning out materials for the war machine.

Q. Does this mean that the German people, and particularly the German working class, are now actively contributing to Hitler's defeat?

A. Unfortunately and decidedly, no. The fact is that the active struggle against fascism, against Nazi war, and Nazi terror is being carried on by a heroic minority. It is by no

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means a mass movement. The majority of German workers have not joined in active opposition to their oppressors.

Q. Are the majority of German workers, then, in favor of fascism?

A. "I am a representative of the German workers, and I know them too well to believe for one moment that in the majority they are for Hitler fascism." This is the view of Paul Merker, a former Reichstag member, for years one of the leaders of the underground struggle in Nazi Germany. (His magnificent speech, "The Free Germans to the German People," delivered at Mexico City on Oct. 15, 1942, is reprinted in *The Communist*, December 1942.)

Q. Are we to absolve these workers, or the majority of Germans, from any responsibility for the war.

A. Not at all. Their passivity, their silence, their cooperation, however "apathetic," has been a deadly instrument against world peace and decency. Until they break, completely and decisively, with Hitlerism, until they rise against the Nazi state in open struggle on a common front with the United Nations, they participate in the crimes of fascism and they share a terrible burden of responsibility. As Merker points out, in the speech I have cited, this responsibility increases with every day that goes by.

Hitler's strategy is to involve Germans more and more deeply in that responsibility, to associate them inextricably with his colossal iniquities. For us it would be a serious blunder to tell the German people that they can continue indefinitely this association of action (regardless of their concealed private opinions), and that this association can be broken on the morning of the United Nations victory. And for the Germans it would be a suicidal illusion to believe this. The longer they delay, the greater the price of their defeat: not only in the horrible damage to other peoples and lands which Germany will have to repair, but in ruined German cities and in German dead, the millions sacrificed for the imperialist lust of a robber clique.

Q. But is this possible, considering the power of the Gestapo?

A. Possible, but not easy. Yet nothing in this war is easy for anyone. It is not easy for the Yugoslav partisans who under terribly difficult circumstances are dealing heavy blows against the Nazis. It is not easy for the millions of the Soviet Union whose land has been bloodied and who have had to turn from the building of a joyous, creative life to the task of annihilating the invader. If struggle against the Nazis will mean death for many inside Germany, failure to struggle will mean a far more horrible death on the field of battle: both in numbers and in the shameful character of its purpose.

It is Hitler who says there is no way out for the German nation except to go down fighting. It is Hitler who is encouraging the national despair which is paralyzing the will of many anti-Hitlerites in Germany.

"The beginning is hard," says Ernst Fischer. "But as soon as a few cracks are forced in the moribund edifice of dictatorship and the first breath of truth and freedom will make itself felt, the German people will change beyond recognition . . . in the secret underground chambers the springs of democratic rejuvenation of Germany are already at work. All this demands a struggle, mobilization, sacrifices, supreme national determination. Nevertheless it is all possible."

Q. Has the Soviet Union abandoned all distinctions between the German people and the Nazi state?

A. Soviet policy, as expressed repeatedly by Stalin in this war, has maintained, and continues to maintain, a clear, consistent distinction. It rejects all views about the "racial rottenness" of the German people. On Nov. 6, 1942, Stalin declared: "It is not our aim to destroy Germany, for it is impossible to destroy Germany, just as it is impossible to destroy Russia. But the Hitlerite state can and should be destroyed. . . . It is not our aim to destroy all the organized military force in Germany, for every literate person will understand that that is not only impossible in regard to Germany, as it is in regard to Russia, but also inadvisable from the point of view of victory. But Hitler's army can and should be destroyed." The Soviet leaders make distinctions based on reality, and this distinction is based on reality.

At the same time, however, the Soviets refuse to make distinctions which are unreal and therefore demoralizing. Every German invader, like every Finnish or Rumanian invader, must either be exterminated or captured. If the enemy refuses to surrender, he is annihilated. And every German who points a weapon at the Russians is a hated enemy, regardless of any stray impulses of decency that may roam around in his psyche and regardless of his social background. For the invader there is nothing, and there should be nothing but a fierce, intense hatred. And those of us in this country who are still hesitant about "hating," as I pointed out in my previous column, are simply ignorant of this war's meaning and have not felt its impact. Not to hate the beast that threatens everything we hold dear, not to strain every fibre against him, is to capitulate to him.

It is interesting to note that the Soviet Union, which has been the only government so far to make officially the distinction stressed by Stalin, is also the country where popular feeling and action against the Hitlerite armies is most concerted, unyielding, and successful in a military sense.

Q. But what of the German future?

A. *Every* phase of the postwar period is deeply determined by the conduct of the war itself. Those who, like the Hearst columnist Benjamin de Casseres, call for an "atomized" Germany after the war, thus ruling out any possibility of a People's Germany, are usually the same people who oppose the United Nations coalition and the democratic character of our war conduct. The nature of the German future will be governed by a United Nations victory and the extent to which the German people themselves contribute to that victory by taking up active struggle against Hitler and his leading minions. That struggle will be the best school for the "reeducation" of Germany. That struggle will be the best crucible in which a truly national government can be forged. That struggle will itself be the democratic rejuvenation and regeneration of Germany.

Our own contribution to a new Germany that will live in peace with other nations can be twofold. One, clearly, is to hammer away at the Nazi bastions on every possible military front. And the other is to spoil Hitler's fundamental demagogic technique ("When I go down all other Germans go down with me") by driving as solid a wedge as we can between the German opposition and the Hitler regime, warning the German people of their terrible historic responsibility to break their ties with the monstrous criminals, encouraging them to mobilize their own front for the national salvation of their land.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Ersatz People

BLOOD AND BANQUETS, *by Bella Fromm. A Berlin Social Diary. Harper. $3.50.*

IN A WORLD less tragically familiar with the facts, Bella Fromm's revelations about Nazidom's bloody leadership would have had much more importance. Had the author published her observations at the time she made them—before 1939—the book might even have contributed significantly to the mobilization of pre-war anti-fascism. Today its chief merit lies in its confirmation of things which all decent people know.

But *Blood and Banquets* is a good book—lively, sincere, convincing. The author, as society reporter for the mighty Ullstein press, had special assignments that carried her into the diplomatic circle and so into the highest government circles. She saw what few people and certainly few Germans were able to see with their own eyes. "I saw hope and treachery, intrigue and sordid triumph. I saw the breaking down of all we had lived with and loved." She saw also "that this would not stop in Germany, that the poison would permeate the whole world. There are men everywhere who would sell out humanity for their own personal profit."

That's seeing a good deal more than a lot of people did. Bella Fromm's diary from 1918 to 1938 leaves no doubt that Nazi leaders have reached the lowest of the lower depths of sub-human barbarism; that they are surely what Ilya Ehrenbourg has called ersatz people. Also that they were given their start in life by the magnates of German finance capital knowingly, willfully, and with malice

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aforethought to the peace and safety of the whole world. She shows them all to us: Alfred Hugenberg of the Krupp works; Hjalmar Schacht, Reichsbank president, the opulent bosom of whose wife was adorned with a diamond and ruby swastika as far back as 1930; Thyssen organizing Rhineland meetings of industrialists to meet Hitler; the big guns of I. G. Farben openly and ecstatically making contributions to the "cause."

Blood and Banquets provides, among others, a rare portrait of the sinking of the old Hindenburg and his shameful, senile capitulation to the Nazis. There's a remarkable little vignette of the greasy Laval plotting with Goering behind Briand's back. There's a grimly funny account of von Papen breathlessly galloping to stop overzealous "party brothers" from breaking up a diplomatic reception at Bella Fromm's as a "Jewish gathering." Much of the most "inside dope" Miss Fromm has on the Nazis comes from the back-stabbing gossip they indulge in against each other. For example: "Hans von Raumer, former Minister of Finance, told us about last night's elaborate bachelor dinner at the home of Otto Wolff, the iron magnate. The place was full of very satisfactory gossip, including news of Fritz Thyssen, who talks of nothing but the Red Danger. 'Thyssen,' said von Raumer, 'has never been a bright person. Just dumb enough to be afraid of Communism without inquiring whether the remedy might not be worse than the disease.' "

BELLA FROMM'S eye-witness descriptions of Hitler himself offer little that is very new. They are made vivid by her abhorrence. We get a good picture of the present uniformed fuehrer emerging from the awkward and nervous little man in ill-fitting evening clothes. More important than her adherence to the school of thought which ascribes his paranoia to impotence rather than homosexuality is one grim stroke she adds to the portrait already painted in the blood of millions. Hitler's only real distraction and relaxation are movies—and scenes of some of the ghastliest atrocities committed in concentration camps are filmed for the exclusive enjoyment of der fuehrer.

Mussolini's first visit to Berlin is described in a perfectly straightforward manner that reminds one of Charlie Chaplin's masterful buffoonery of the episode. There was no wonderful plush carpet that got rolled and unrolled. But the walls of the station were covered with white satin and storm troopers did stand, dressed in mufti, cheering the "spontaneous rapture" ordered in advance. And Mussolini did sneeze his visit away with a cold contracted in Spartan disregard of the weather during a three-hour military show in drenching rain.

One of the most significant stories is told in the entry of Oct. 24, 1936. It concerns a concert at the French embassy where the Germans snubbed the Russians. A Frenchman says:

"The Nazis snub the Russians in public but I know that privately they have been in close contact with an extensive clique of Russian army officers. Quite a plot too. Involves some of Marshal Tuchachevski's highest staff officers. The clique entered into an agreement to effect the removal of Stalin. Afterward a pact with Germany against the world. 'Send us a list of your most reliable men,' the generals were told. The generals returned to Russia and sent the list. It was promptly placed in Stalin's hands. An example of Nazi diplomacy as practiced by Count Werner von Shulenberg."

Every reader will ask why did Bella Fromm, hounded despite all her "connections" because she is Jewish, stay in Germany until 1938? And how did she stay out of a concentration camp? Her "connections" offered protection. So did her contact with the foreign press and embassies. In turn she helped others:

"June 18, 1938. Helped free another twenty-one people from Buchenwald, that awful concentration camp near Weimar. I feel guilty about leaving so long as there is any chance to help."

Backstairs gossip—or even front stairs—is not the most essential ingredient to an understanding of great historic trends and phenomena. But it makes darned good footnotes. *Blood and Banquets* is filled with them.

SASHA SMALL.

Tourist Travelogue

FRONTIER BY AIR, *by Alice Rogers Hager. Photographs by Jackie Martin. Macmillan. $3.50.*

ALICE ROGERS HAGER is among the best known of the women writers on aviation. From 1940-42 she was Chief of Public Information for the Civil Aeronautics Board. She has covered numerous air expeditions, including the Atlantic Press Flight of 1939. Her book *Wings Over the Americas* led the Brazilian government to invite her, as its guest, to visit Brazil and describe the progress in aviation which that country is making. *Frontier by Air* is the result of her 15,000 miles over the Amazonian jungles and other regions in the interior of Brazil.

To me, at least, Mrs. Hager's book is somewhat disappointing, for the reason that I had expected something different, something more. Not only is the development of Brazilian aviation of tremendous importance from the point of view of the war; it has come to represent the solution to the nation's historic, agonizing problem: that of achieving a true national unity by conquering the vast, inaccessible spaces of the *sertoes*, or hinterland. It was this problem which led to one of the outstanding masterpieces of Brazilian literature, Euclydes da Cunha's *Os Sertoes* ("The Backlands"), a work which, though factual, has become one of the fountain-heads of the modern Brazilian novel. (It is soon to be published in English translation by the University of Chicago Press.) To this day the conflict of seaboard and wilderness is at once a pressing social-economic-political

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problem and a literary theme that attracts many of Brazil's best writers.

I had expected, then, that Mrs. Hager, trained reporter of many years' experience, would tell us more about how this problem is being solved, and how it may be solved, through the development of air power. Instead, what one finds is a rather gushy, tourist travelogue of the old girl-reporter type, with a preponderant accent on the personal and the picturesque. The book does not even afford a satisfying picture of provincial life, which would have been something; it gives us no more than hasty glimpses. It does not, in other words, live up to its title. The most valuable information in it is to be found in the technical and statistical appendix. And the most attractive feature is Jackie Martin's photographs, which are honest and technically good.

SAMUEL PUTNAM.

Cockpit Record

THE FLYING GUNS, *by Lieut. Clarence E. Dickinson, USN. Scribner's, $2.*

THE best books we have had about the war so far have come from men and women who have experienced action against fascism, or felt its impact on their flesh: refugee writers, newspapermen, soldier and sailor correspondents. Like *They Were Expendable, The Flying Guns* was not written by the participant himself, but by his collaborator, Boyden Sparkes. But Mr. Sparkes has properly subordinated himself to the narration of Lieutenant Dickinson's experience as the pilot of a dive bomber in action over the Pacific.

It would be almost impossible to write of such action without the net result being exciting, and *The Flying Guns* is full of the excitement of battle, as experienced by those who wield the newest of all weapons—the carrier-borne planes. Dickinson's narrative runs from the attack on Pearl Harbor—into which he quite literally flew unawares—through the great victory of Midway. During that interval of time he was shot down once, fell into the sea once (having run out of gas), and was awarded the Navy Cross for heroism, with three stars. The book is truly "a cockpit record." Action is in the foreground, and there is little time for speculation. So it is not too surprising that the author seems never to have considered for a moment the meaning of the war, the issues at stake for the peoples of the world, or the possible outcome of victory or defeat. It *is* a little surprising, however, to find practically no indication in the book of the role played in battle by those thousands of men who are not officers and therefore apparently don't rate the appellation of "Mr." But this is no more astonishing than the fact that Dickinson seems to think the important thing about the Japanese is that they are "heathens."

The Flying Guns is valuable for the information it provides about the feel and the factual details of naval air combat.

ALVAH BESSIE.

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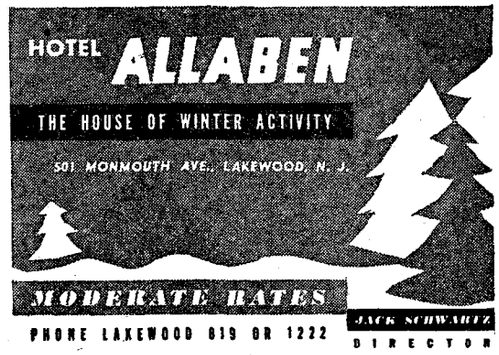

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SIXTY YEARS OF DAVID BURLIUK

Louis Lozowick paints a word picture of a world famous Russian artist in America and evaluates his work. The folk character of his craft.

On one of my trips to the Soviet Union, I dropped into the Moscow restaurant of the Writers' Association, a fine building with a garden in front, on Pushkin Boulevard, next door to the Kamerny Theater. As I sat talking to some Russians on a subject of unfailing interest to them, life and art in the United States, a man from the next table got up and came over to me.

"Are you from the United States?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Do you by any chance know David Burliuk?"

"Indeed I do."

Whereupon, without further introduction, the man fell on my neck, kissed me on both cheeks and insisted on treating me to the best drink in the house. He plied me with questions about Burliuk, his work, his family. I told as much as I knew but I learned much more myself, for the man was the poet Vassiliy Kamensky, one of that inseparable trio, Kamensky-Mayakovsky-Burliuk, which for a decade had barnstormed the country on a pioneering crusade for modern art and literature. Wherever the three went, tempestuous controversy was sure to follow. Their very names—Vassiliy Vassiliyevitch (Kamensky), Vladimir Vladimirovitch (Mayakovsky), David Davidovitch (Burliuk)—were providential for the ever present needs of publicity.

Kamensky told me many fascinating tales of the trio's joint adventures which he subsequently set down in a book of reminiscences. One tale struck me especially at the time because it dealt with Kiev, the city of my childhood. It seems that whenever the trio organized a public meeting in a city, the police always had their representatives in the hall, although art, music, and poetry were the only things discussed. The czarist police would take no chances. (Incidentally, Mayakovsky and Kamensky both had a police record in connection with socialist activity around the events of 1905.) Well, at the Kiev meeting held in 1914, the police outdid themselves. Present in the hall were the governor-general, the city mayor, twenty-four police captains, twenty-five precinct officers, fifty policemen scattered through the hall, and sixty mounted policemen outside. As Mayakovsky remarked: "Ten policemen to every poem read." And he didn't count the plainclothes men. The police of Kiev took art seriously.

"Corot in His Landscape," a painting by David Burliuk, whose work is now on exhibit at the ACA Gallery, New York City

At those esthetic jam sessions in Leningrad or Odessa, Moscow or Saratov, Burliuk was alternately poet, artist, lecturer; all in one, occasionally, and the showman always. With the passing of years, however, the painter came more and more consistently to the fore.

In the four decades of his creative career Burliuk has undergone a complex evolution, has perfected certain technical procedures, has grown in artistic stature. But it is remarkable how certain essential characteristics have persisted throughout: indefatigable industry and productivity, versatility of mediums and styles, penchant for the primitive and folk art.

In a book of memoirs Benedict Livshitz tells of seeing Burliuk in periods of veritable creative frenzy, working all hours of day and night, "interrupted only by sleep." In our own day, too, as we attend Burliuk's large exhibitions year after year, we marvel at his fecundity. Livshitz relates how on one of his visits to the Burliuk country home in 1912 he watched in amazement as the artist tested his strength in every graphic medium, mezzotint, engraving, etching, drawing; passing from drawing to painting in tempera, water color, oil; turning out pictures in the cubist, futurist, primitive manner, figures with distorted anatomy, landscapes "from four points of view"—all methodically stacked away for exhibitions to come.

One day Burliuk's father looked into his son's studio and gasped. He was a man of conservative tastes. He had sent his son to school, had spent his substance to give his son a decent education, and it all seemed to have been wasted.

"Why, my left foot can do better."

Doditchka (David) disappeared. After three hours he came out with a finished landscape, "Two Drops of Water—A Levitan"—and Levitan was the greatest Russian landscape painter of the nineteenth century.

"Here, daddy, is something for your room," said Doditchka.

The father smiled. A family crisis was averted.

In the current exhibition of Burliuk's at the ACA Gallery, as at the exhibitions of several preceding years, we meet with the

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"Struggle of Our Allies," also by Burliuk

same bewildering versatility in theme and style: "Struggle of Our Allies" symbolizes the defeat of the Axis powers and the joyous peace that is to follow; "Steps of Life," an allegory of exploiter and exploited; portraits of Mrs. Cikovsky and Mrs. Burliuk in smooth, meticulous finish of early Renaissance; broadly painted, expressionistic "Red Horse" and "Blue Horse"; "Russian Tea Party," "Mujik and Baba" in thick impasto; imaginative portraits of Corot and Daumier—Corot outdoors on the background of a romantic landscape for which he himself was so famous, Daumier in his studio in one corner of which is his well known "Revolt"; "Song of the Harvest" in subdued minor tones; "On Staten Island" in violent major chords. Around and behind these realist, surrealist, expressionist techniques the folk character of much of the work reveals itself in the love for bright color, in the affectionate play with fine detail, in the exaggerated proportions and perspective for the sake of emphasis, in the simple story and the blunt, often naive statement, in the warm humanity.

Back in 1912 when Burliuk blasted the "ranting Benois" he said, "Russia is not an artistic province of France," (how contemporary this sounds!) and he insisted that a new Russian folk art could only find inspiration in life itself and in Russian folk art "the shop sign, the popular print, the icon." According to Livshitz, Burliuk used to spend his last money on amateur art work, and shop signs of laundries, barber shops, and other provincial trades, and he amassed a large and valuable collection long before it became the fashion.

Russian sources speak of Burliuk as artist, poet, teacher, propagandist, lecturer, theoretician. He is widely read and has a phenomenal memory. A striking illustration of this is furnished by the Russian critic V. Katanyan. In 1918 there was a joint meeting of "fathers and sons," i.e., the older, more established poets like Biely and Balmont and the modern ones like Mayakovsky and Burliuk, with others not easily classified. Mayakovsky recited his poetry. Balmont was so moved that he thereupon read a sonnet dedicated to Mayakovsky. The meeting was memorable but no one thought of taking the sonnet down. It did not appear in the collected works of Balmont or Mayakovsky. But in 1919 while Burliuk was in Vladivostok he recited the entire sonnet from memory in the course of an interview given to the *Far Eastern Review*. Thus the sonnet was preserved to posterity.

The story of Burliuk is still in the telling. When fully told it will be more than the biography of an artist; it will be a piece of literary history as well. We know enough of it to want more. And no one could do it better than Burliuk himself. On this, his sixtieth anniversary, here's hoping he does it—and soon.

LOUIS LOZOWICK.

"In Which We Serve"

Noel Coward's showmanship falls flat in a boring film.

IN REVIEWING *In Which We Serve*, it may be well to get the praise over with first, lest we forget. The scenes of battle, filmed with the cooperation of the Royal Navy and a British army regiment, do indeed deserve praise. They are swift and efficient in action, unsentimental in emotion; and had they been combined into a documentary film half an hour long, they would have made a great picture.

Unfortunately they have been handed over to Noel Coward for glamourous embroidery. The film is full of what can only be described as cheap swank. The excessive gracefulness of Mr. Coward's own gestures in his role as commander of a destroyer sets the tone for pretty sentiment and romantic attitudinizing throughout. No doubt *In Which We Serve* strives for what the English call the Nelson touch—the heroic phrase at the heroic moment; and now and then a restrained moment achieves it. More frequently there are such shameless appeals to soppiness as allowing a wounded sailor boy to wail, "I want my captain!"

Hidden by the noble words and the stiff upper lips are worse things. To begin with, snobbery was never more apparent than in Mr. Coward's efforts to show "democracy"—the kindly condescension of upper class commander to lower class sailors, which comes like a pat on the head; the lamentable speechifying in which Mr. Coward lectures his crew like an earnest young Scoutmaster with a troop of five-year-olds. The commander's household is played "straight" for dignity and tragedy and graciousness, marred only by an unwitting exaggeration which approached caricature. But the Cockney and working class families of the sailors—the ones who really suffer and die—are played unmercifully for comedy; nagging mothers-in-law, grotesquely squealing mothers, the accent of the British people stressed and exaggerated. So natural is this attitude to Mr. Coward that he sees no disparity between it and his lip-service to the brotherhood of man.

There is a similar superficiality in the film's treatment of the war itself. *In Which We Serve* purports to tell the story of a destroyer and her men, from the launching shortly after Munich to the sinking off Crete; and yet it is literally impossible to tell what war they are fighting. It might be World War I, except for the equipment used, passing humorous references to Hitler, and a disgusting attempt to blame the whole war on Russia's signing the non-aggression pact. The emotional attitude of commander and men toward the war is one of puzzled resentment. There is no attempt, indeed, to show them as part of a fighting nation. In place of understanding, love of freedom, democratic brotherhood, in place of every real emotion motivating the British and the rest of us today—they love only their ship. Their voices quiver tearfully when they speak of her, and their wives talk about the ship as a rival. They do everything but feed her lumps of sugar. This nonsense, no doubt, is a reflection of the unrealistic devotion to sea power which blew up in the brass hats' faces at Singapore and Hongkong and Dover Straits; it is a pity to see a war film so much touted as *In Which We Serve* expressing a theory of war based on the battle of Trafalgar.

Yet another defect of the movie is its dullness. Superficiality and silliness one might expect of a showman of the Coward type; boredom is a little too much to take. But *In Which We Serve* is so badly cut, so clumsy in its transitions, so scattering and repetitious in detail that it first confuses you and then puts you to sleep. For long stretches it is quite impossible to tell at what moment of the

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ship's career you are looking; the film jumps back and forth through the memories of men struggling to keep afloat after the ship has gone down. There is nothing wrong with such a device, but it must be managed efficiently. When an effective scene does emerge from the welter, it is quite unrelated to its context. There are good things in *In Which We Serve*, but there is neither human understanding nor coherent organization, and the result is a waste of the British Navy's time and of some very expensive advertising.

THERE are one thousand and one good film plots in the *Arabian Nights;* so the film *Arabian Nights* chooses to discard them all, substituting therefor something that might have come from the brain of a burlesque-blackout writer. There are harem beauties in Hollywood undress—real harem women suffered from too many clothes, not too few. There are extras with beautiful horses and beautiful beards. There are Haroun al-Raschid, Camaralzaman, Scheherezade, Sindbad, and Aladdin, all butchered to make a technicolor holiday. Heaven knows the technicolor is pretty enough to make a nice afternoon for the kiddies, were there not some horridly real scenes of torture. But I never saw anything as pretty as *Arabian Nights,* except the sundae I mixed myself when I was about ten and got left alone in a soda fountain with the pistachio, with the strawberry, with the maraschino cherries, with the butter pecan, with the chocolate fudge syrup, with the sliced bananas, with the marshmallow. But then, ten years old that I was, at least I had the sense to throw the mess away. Do I make myself clear?

JOY DAVIDMAN.

Unfunny Satire

A caricature of Pavlichenko . . . and other assorted bad taste.

WITH his alter ego, Edward Chodorov, Joseph Fields wrote two light comedy successes—*My Sister Eileen* and *Junior Miss,* adaptations from books by Ruth McKenney and Sally Benson. Now, all by himself, Mr. Fields has written a farce comedy called *The Doughgirls.* Since *The Doughgirls* contains certain elements of intended satire, it deserves more attention than a pure laughter-piece might ordinarily command. Yet it's not particularly funny, despite the gymnastic efforts of the celebrated playwright-director, George S. Kaufman, to make the play run like a pursuit plane, hitting on all cylinders.

The scene is Washington. You know about Washington; for one thing, it's overcrowded. For another, it's overcrowded because there are thousands upon thousands of war workers there who were never there before. So the scene is set for farce comedy—double-meanings involved in the rooming situation, poor wandering people who haven't slept in weeks and can't find a place to lie down; newly commissioned generals and colonels whose previous military experience was confined to

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Wall Street; girls very much on the make.

The stage runs riot with amorous armchair generals and admirals, bellhops and maids, hotel managers who want their bills paid, irate lovers who suspect dirty work in the bedroom, harassed young ladies who can't meet the rent, jealous wives (one), and—one Russian sniper called Sgt. Natalia Chodorov. This is a caricature, of course, of Lyudmilla Pavlichenko; and if the entire play is in the worst possible taste to begin with, the business about Pavlichenko is positively vicious.

At this point I suppose it would be possible to accuse me of lacking a sense of humor. Yes. That's right. About Lyudmilla Pavlichenko I, and several thousands of other Americans also, lack a sense of humor. I don't like to see a world famous heroine lampooned by a gent whose only purpose, I'm sure, is to make a piece of change, and whose code of ethics can be bounded in the phrase, "Anything for a gag." To me, Pavlichenko is *not* the subject for a gag—on any grounds. And when she and what she stands for—meaning the people of the Soviet Union—are used as bait for laughter, I furiously object. I object to her appearance in the form of a caricature. I object to the lines given her to speak; "It's easy to raise money—lend-lease!" I object to the scene which shows her running a meeting of "workers of the third floor" in the Washington hotel (with all that that implies). I objected to another character saying about her, "Natalia's only interest in men is in shooting them."

But I think you get the idea. If *The Doughgirls* were fun and had no "Sergeant Natalia Chodorov," I'd recommend it. But it has Natalia Chodorov, to say nothing of Mr. Fields' vulgarity on the subject of the war effort and its attendant difficulties; so despite George S. Kaufman's famous "touch"—speed, skillful showmanship—I say *The Doughgirls* is very sour dough, and to hell with it.

ALVAH BESSIE.

Between Ourselves

NEXT week we will carry a lengthy review by Joy Davidman of *Tennessee Johnson,* the MGM film which aroused vigorous protest from progressive Americans in advance of its showing. The movie opened in New York too late for our film critic to cover it in this week's issue.

If page 2, on which "Between Ourselves" usually appears, hadn't been taken this week with NM's report to our stockholders, we would have told you more about the response to our weekly radio program, inaugurated two weeks ago. We'll do that next week. Meanwhile, don't forget—on Station WQXR (1560 on the dial) at 12:45 PM every Sunday.

The article "The Jew: 1943" on page 16 is an extract from an article that first appeared in the *Antioch (Ohio) Review* and is reprinted in NM with the permission of the author and the *Antioch Review* editors.

"Courageous and vital play." Lockridge—*Sun*

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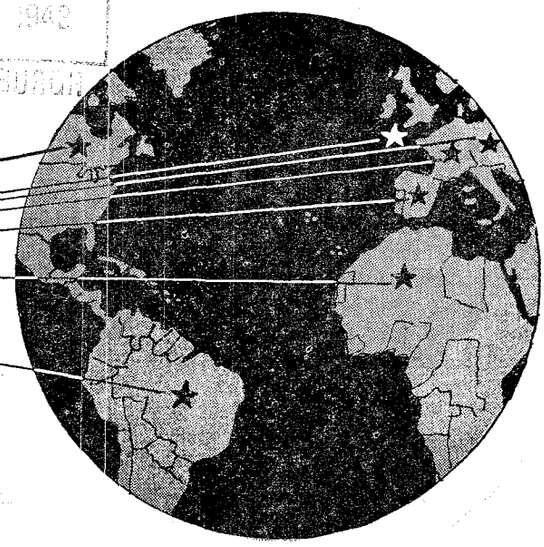

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